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THE SHUTTLECOCK OF FATE.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

"BUT I really do think I might win with you out of it, Eleanor Fair."

"And I just know that I should carry off the prize if you would n't compete, Grace Martin."

Kate Conklin threw back over her shoulder a mass of wonderful black hair.

"And I am perfectly positive that neither of you will withdraw from the contest," she said.

It was Saturday, and these three college girls who chummed and roomed together were performing the somewhat tedious and likewise interesting duty of washing their hair. Also, they were discussing the latest prize offer to the junior literary class—a splendid *édition de luxe* of Shakspeare for the best poem on the genius or life or work of that great author. Grace Martin, who was slender and thoughtful, with brown hair and deep hazel eyes, was regarded as class poet, one to be relied on when the occasion required verse of any sort—lyric or epic, grave or gay. But Eleanor Fair, more often, because of her complexion, called "fair Eleanor," was a poet, too. Indeed, there were those who thought that Eleanor's verses bore the stamp of real genius. For one thing, her work was eccentric. One could never tell what Eleanor was going to do. Her poem, when she was suddenly seized with the idea of a poem, might prove uncommonly bad. But, on

the other hand, it might prove uncommonly good—so good as to be startling to her classmates and instructors. As for Kate Conklin, she was not regarded as having a part in this particular competition. Essays and short stories were her field. Her prose work commanded respect and even admiration. If she had ever written any verse the fact had been carefully concealed. The prize had been offered by a rich man of the little college town, and perhaps, like the others, she hungered for it in her soul. Eleanor Fair, standing by the open window, where the light spring breeze came in, and flinging up her masses of gold to dry, took up the thread of discussion.

"I shall write a sonnet," she said, "a Shaksperian sonnet, and call it simply 'Shakspeare.' It will not be merely his life or work, or his genius. It will be something—oh, a great deal more than anything those words mean! Those words are all too little, too puny, when one thinks of what Shakspeare has meant to the world. That's what I shall put into my sonnet. Shakspeare the mighty, the supreme, the—the omniscient soul of the ages! It will be Shakspeare—Shakspeare—just Shakspeare."

As Eleanor stood with the afternoon sun pouring in on her loosened golden hair, that

shimmered back over her uplifted arms and hands, — her eyes full of the far earnestness of her thought, — she might have been the embodiment of inspiration, one of the sacred nine, borne straight from some dim realm of song. Grace Martin dropped into her chair.

"Oh, Eleanor," she said, "if you are going to do that, and if you 're going to write as you look and talk, I may as well give up now. I was going to write about his work, the different sides of it, you know — the comedy and tragedy and human insight of it all.

Magician by whose mystic wand
We march to music grave or gay —
Mere puppets we at his command,
In tragic chant or virelay.

That was one of the stanzas, though it is n't as I want it. It does n't mean just what I wish to say, but the rhymes are all right, and it's alliterative, and the words are pretty good."

Eleanor had sat down too, and had lost her rapt expression.

"Good! Oh, Grace, I should think they were! How in the world do you always get that perfect alliteration, and how did you ever happen to think of 'virelay'? It is a lovely word. Just what does it mean, anyway?"

"I don't know, exactly — I have n't looked it up. But it's so pastoral, somehow. I always see shepherds blowing their pipes, and lambskins skipping, when I hear it. I hope it means some kind of merry music. If it does n't I shall have to use 'roundelay,' and I don't think that is nearly so good, do you?"

"Oh, no, of course not." Eleanor had turned to the window and was looking thoughtfully down on the wonderful old trees and green slopes of the college grounds below. "Grace," she went on, presently, "don't you suppose it will be hard for the judges to decide between poems so different as ours will be, and don't you think a good many of our friends will be dissatisfied, whatever the decision is? I was just thinking that we might draw lots — long and short straws, or something like that — and one of us stay out altogether."

But Kate Conklin put in a word here.

"You young ladies are most amusing," she said, with mock gravity. "You have calmly

taken charge of the prizes, and even of the welfare of the judges, before either of your poems is written. How do you know but that I may win the prize from both of you?"

"Don't joke, Kate; this is a serious matter," said Grace. "I'll draw lots with Eleanor, if you'll hold the straws."

"But really, girls, that seems to me child's play. Why not write your poems first and let me see them? Perhaps even I may save one, possibly both, of you the humiliation of defeat."

"But I never could suppress a poem after writing it," said Eleanor.

"Nor I," declared Grace.

Kate smiled in a superior manner.

"Ah, well, *mes enfants*, be happy while you may. Some day the editor will have a word to say as to that. But don't draw straws; that's so tame. At least make it a contest — a round of golf or a game of tennis."

But the girls shook their heads. "Eleanor plays better golf than I do," said Grace.

"And Grace generally beats me at tennis," protested Eleanor.

Kate Conklin's eyes wandered about the walls where leaned or hung the paraphernalia of their various games. Over her desk there hung an engraving of Shakspeare, and just above it a pair of racquets somewhat different from those of tennis or ping-pong. Tied to them were two feather-plumed corks. The girl's eyes brightened.

"Oh, Eleanor! Grace!" she said. "I have it! Just the game! Shakspeare himself perhaps played it. Battledore and shuttlecock! I bought the set a long time ago, just because it seemed old and quaint. We'll go out there under the trees, and you shall play."

"But I never played it in my life," said Eleanor.

"Nor I," said Grace.

"All the better. You start even. I will look up the rules in my book of games, and be umpire. You will decide this momentous question in a way that Shakspeare might have approved." Sweet ladies, it is shuttlecock we shall play at now."

Kate had already taken a worn book from her shelves and was turning the pages.

"Here it is," she announced. "The play-

ers knock the shuttlecock back and forth, each in the direction of the other. Whoever fails to strike it gives to the other a bean.' Very simple, you see. No complicated counting—just beans. We'll get them of the cook as we go down. Start with ten each, and whoever runs out first is out of the game and competition simultaneously. We will disport ourselves under the greenwood trees. Meantime our hair will be drying."

They descended to the spacious and secluded college grounds, stopping a moment at the pantry.

"I'm sure Grace will beat me," moaned Eleanor. "It's something like tennis, and she has such long arms."

"About as much like tennis as croquet is like golf," said Kate, "and that means not at all. I play beautiful croquet and, I suppose, the poorest golf in the world. No, my dears; I should say that you will play with about equal badness."

The umpire dragged a ratan chair from the veranda, and seated herself comfortably.

"Places, ladies," she called. "Miss Martin will serve the first stroke. Ready, play!"

The shuttlecock, gently struck by Grace's racquet, lightly flew in the air, and was caught and returned by Eleanor with a deftness that comes from having a keen eye and a quick hand. Then back and forth it flew—the girls' skill at tennis serving them in good turn, in spite of what their umpire had said about the difference in the games. It was true that Grace had the longer arms, but Eleanor was supple and quick and seemed fully her opponent's equal. Back and forth—piff, paff, piff, paff—flew the feathered missile, while the sweet breath of May came across blossoming meadows, and the afternoon sun mottled the green-sward where they played.

Piff, paff, piff, paff—there! a light puff of wind catches the shuttlecock and lifts it so that even Grace's long arms do not quite reach.

"Judgment!" she calls, with uplifted racquet.

"Fairly missed, Grace," answers the umpire. "Eleanor is not to blame for the wind. Surrender the precious bean!"

So the bean is delivered, and this time Elea-

nor serves the first stroke. And back and forth—piff, paff—goes the little shuttlecock, until suddenly a branch borne down by the breeze lifts it lightly, just away from Eleanor's racquet, and drops it on the grass at their feet, while all the leaves flutter in applause.

Then "Judgment!" calls Eleanor, and once more the umpire answers, "Fair!"

"Grace struck the shuttlecock toward you. She could not know that the tree would take a hand in the game. Return the lost bean, Eleanor, and proceed."

It was nearly an hour later when the two players dropped upon the green, cool turf to rest. They had played continuously since they began and were thoroughly exhausted. Yet their game was no nearer the end than it had been at the start. One bean, sometimes two, and once even three, had changed hands, but each time the lost beans had changed back; until now, when the light under the trees was growing dim, each had the original ten and the question of withdrawing from the class contest was as far as ever from a decision.

"Which means that you are both to compete," said the umpire. "Fortune evidently does not approve of any prearranged surrender or distribution of her gifts. No more do I. Perhaps in the strictest sense it is n't even honest. Our talents are given us to use and to strive with. Write your poems, both of them, and accept the judges' decision, whatever you or your friends may think of it. It's likely that neither of you will win. Little Hattie Parker is to be reckoned with, I fancy, in this contest, and even I may be seized with an inspiration and beat you both."

Eleanor laughed lazily.

"Oh, you silly old Kate," she said. "Of course Hattie Parker is clever, and her poems are awfully funny, but her style is n't for this sort of thing. And as for you, I don't believe you ever tried to write a poem in your life."

"And I'm too old to begin; is that it? Well, you know, genius is a slow growth with some, and, besides, we are likely to discover new powers and possibilities in ourselves almost any time. Sudden and severe pressure has been known to—"

"Oh, Kate, don't! We're too tired to listen

to a class lecture, are n't we, Gracie? We 'll be good, and write our poems and compete, and forgive the result,—whatever it may be,—though, of course, I suppose we 'll never be quite the same to each other again, whichever wins. Now let's take the beans back to the cook, so she can have them in time for dinner."

Eleanor scrambled up and dragged Grace to her feet. A moment later the three, with their arms about one another, were entering the old college building that had echoed to the light footstep and laughter and merry voices of so many generations of happy girls.

As commencement day approached, the big room where the three chums dwelt and toiled together became the scene of much alternate joy and sorrow. Eleanor's sonnet was not executed as easily as it had been conceived. Many of the lines were wrought in anguish and tribulation of spirit. As for Grace, her poem was accomplished with more ease, but there were moments when it seemed to her utterly bad, just as there were other times when it seemed a genuine inspiration. The girls did not read their poems to each other. Kate, who was unusually deferred to, had forbidden that. Neither had she permitted the poems to be read to her.

"I should be certain to offer advice," she said, "which might be either a good or a bad thing for the poem, and neither would be fair. No; I will share your joy or mingle my tears with you, but keep your poems concealed. Besides, as I have remarked before, I may conclude to write one myself."

"You 'd better be at it, then, instead of poring all day and half the night over those old exams," admonished Eleanor. "You 'll find it is n't so easy to write poetry."

Perhaps Kate did not find it easy to write—anything. She had many thoughts—so many that her pen did not find their expression a light task, even when the problem was one of periods, and not of measures and rhymes. But sometimes, when the others were vexing themselves with these matters, she would wander out alone under the ancient trees, and, lying on the grass, would let the winds whisper, and the birds sing, and the leaves gossip to her, just as long centuries ago they had whispered and sung

and gossiped, on the banks of the Avon, to a boy who, listening to these voices of the air, had perhaps first dreamed of the forests of Arden. Sometimes she had slipped forth in the moonlight, to be for a little under the trees alone, to see the moon-rays make fairy jewels of the dew, and to picture to herself the Stratford boy thus watching for *Puck* and *Oberon* and all the crew that were one day to assemble in a midsummer night's dream. It was always the boy Shakspeare who came to her. True, it was the man who had written and moved the world; but it was the boy who had linked himself as one with nature to woo the mystery of the night and the wind and the trees—softly to lay his ear to the very breathing of the universe. She had always meant some day to say these things. What if she should say them in verse? Could she do it simply, without straining after rhymes and phrases—without lameness or affectation? Could she do it in a way that would have pleased that boy himself? How real he became to her! Sometimes, as fleeting bits and lines strayed through her thought, she was ready to ask him if thus it was he had dreamed in that long-ago time, and if it was in such measure he would wish her to tell of it now.

And so the days passed and the afternoon of commencement came. On the crowded programme the "Shakspeare Poem" competition by the junior literary class had been set down, but not the names of those who were to compete. It was a feature that came after the reading of the various graduation papers of the seniors, and really closed the exercises of the day. Among the class-members the general feeling was that the reward would go to Grace Martin unless Eleanor Fair should come forward, as she was likely to do, with one of her startling things that came nobody could tell how or when, and from a source of inspiration equally mysterious. Of course others would have poems—little Hattie Parker, for one; but they would be offered more as a feature of the entertainment than as a part of the competition.

Oh, it was a wonderful afternoon, the great assembly-hall crowded with students and their visitors, among which were many parents—proud, hopeful, or anxious, as they believed in,

or feared for, their loved ones. And among those older ones there were many who ten or twenty or thirty years before, perhaps, had entered that same hall, their hearts beating high with youth, to say and do and promise what this new generation would say and do

feet" march by and realized how soon they would be mingling with the great human tide of the outside world.

And above and about and everywhere were flowers. All the walls and the ceiling were draped and festooned with them, and the ele-



"ELEANOR'S SONNET WAS NOT EXECUTED EASILY."

and promise to-day. To some of them came that old commencement couplet,

"Standing with expectant feet
Where the brook and river meet,"

which, old and trite though it was, did not seem so now, as they watched the "expectant

vated stage at the end was banked and piled with bloom. Then, one after another, the sweet, white-clad maidens read their papers or gave their recitations, and amid the swelling applause were welcomed by their own. And the years of yesterday seemed to fall away from those older ones, who forgot that they were no

longer young, and renewed their old plans and hopes and dreams in mingling them with those of their children.

But now at last came the Shakspeare competition. The news of it had been spread among the visiting audience, and a quiet interest had become general, though most of the girls whispered to their parents the information that the only real contest was between two, Grace Martin and Eleanor Fair.

They grew still now, for a name had been called, and a bright-faced girl stepped to the

editor lean over to the great author, and in the sudden silence that had followed the applause his words came to her ear. Oh, more than any applause or prize this meant to her, for in her heart was waking the one and mighty ambition that the world should hear and know.

But now there was a flutter through the audience, for another name had been called, and Eleanor Fair had gone to the platform. It took but a moment or two, the reading of her fourteen lines. There was a curious expression on the editor's face as he listened.



"THREE COLLEGE GIRLS WHO CHUMMED AND ROOMED TOGETHER."

platform and read a graceful poem entitled "When Shakspeare Lived." The verses were not without promise, and the reader blushed with pleasure at the applause that followed her effort. Then another name was called—that of Hattie Parker; and presently the audience was happy and laughing with her in listening to her poem of *Gobbo* and *Touchstone*, and their like, entitled "Shakspeare's Merry Men."

"That girl will be heard from some day," said a distinguished editor to a gray-haired man in front of him, an author whose name is familiar to every reader of books.

Little Hattie Parker had finished and was passing them just then. She saw the great

"A big thought," he muttered; "too big for a girl like that. Some fine lines, too, but, on the whole, hardly a success." And though the audience applauded and waved, as they always did when fair Eleanor read, there was the feeling that this was not one of her startlingly good performances, and that it was more than likely Grace Martin would win. Grace had already appeared in response to her name, and the audience had grown very still. She was a tall, sweet-faced girl, and she read in an even, gentle voice that won her hearers. Her verses, too, were as smooth as flowing water.

"The best piece of literary workmanship so far," whispered the great editor to his friend in

the seat ahead. "Not great work, but always sure of an audience."

The author nodded and the room was echoing with applause. It was thought that Grace was to be the last reader, and it was believed that she had won. Grace herself had slipped into a seat by Eleanor, who put her arm about her as she whispered:

"Oh, Grace, I'm sure it's yours. My old sonnet was just horrid. I did n't know how awful it was until I heard your 'Shakspere the Magician.' Oh, I don't believe I shall ever—"

But at that moment the master of ceremonies was making an announcement, and there was something in it that brought Eleanor's sentence to a sudden close.

"There is one more poem," he was saying; "it is entitled 'My Lad, Shakspere,' by Miss Kate Conklin."

"Eleanor, oh, Eleanor," breathed Grace, "she did it, and never told us!" And then both were silent, for Kate—Kate, who had never written anything before but essays and bits of fiction, Kate with her jet-black hair and her olive oval face—had appeared on the platform and begun to read.

Then there fell upon the audience a hush such as it had not known before. Nobody rustled, nobody whispered, nobody coughed—hardly did they breathe.

And what a simple little poem it was—with no attempt at a difficult form, unusual rhyme, or high-sounding words. Yet through the measure of those simple syllables the brook trickled its music, the wind set all the leaves to murmuring, the birds whistled and sang in the tree-tops, while amid it all—his face on the cool moss—the lad lay and listened, and dreamed the long, long dreams. The sun slipped down in the west, the moon rose, and the stars came out. Every leaf and stem glittered, and the fairy folk crept from among the shadows to where lay the listening boy—hearing, feeling, knowing all the mystery and secret of the universal heart, learning the chorus that the planets sing.

There was no applause at first when Kate ceased reading. Nobody wanted to applaud; they only wanted to sit still—so still that they might not break the spell she had cast upon

them. Kate herself, a little dazed perhaps at the silence, hesitated a moment, then turned to descend the steps. But as she did so somebody arose in the audience and came to meet her. And then everybody saw that it was Eleanor Fair, and close behind her Grace Martin, and that these two hurried up the aisle to her, and threw their arms about her, and kissed her, and bore her to their seat.

But lo! the spell was broken now. Like breaking billows came the surge of applause—wave after wave. People stood upon the seats to look over to where she sat, and those about her seized her hand. Then some one was pushing his way through, and Kate, turning, suddenly found herself face to face with the editor,—whom she had sometimes wondered if she would ever meet, if she worked very hard and long,—and he was holding out his hand.

She took it, her own hand trembling. And now he was holding out his other hand.

"The poem," he was saying: "we want it for the magazine."

In the big upper room where the three chums had lived and toiled a reception was held in Kate's honor. And the distinguished editor was there, and the distinguished author, and others of the literary class, with the rich man who had offered the prize, and the judges, and all the parents, and a few more. And they asked Kate for a little speech, but Kate could not make it, so Eleanor, fair Eleanor, made it for her, and in open confession told how she and Grace had played battledore and shuttlecock for the prize that Kate, the umpire,—dear, sly old Kate,—had made up her mind to win all along; and how she had insisted on them both competing, so that the honor of winning might be all the greater; and how they never intended to forgive her, no, never, but just love her and try to shine in her glory, now that she was a great authoress with the world already at her feet.

And then Kate really did rise to protest, only they would n't let her, but drowned everything she said in "Three cheers for Kate Conklin, the great new poet! Three cheers for vacation! Three cheers for everybody and everything connected with the grand old school!"



There is in England a custom, called "Mary's Meadowing," of planting foreign wild flowers and garden favorites in the woods, in the hope that some of these may become naturalized there, and thus increase the beauty of the forest.

*"Mary, Lady Mary,
Fair of cheek and brow,
Daughter of a hundred earls,
Whither goest thou
In the May morning?"*

Oh, I go a-meadowing,
As my mother went before,
Through the budding woodland
And by the calling shore.

I go to set the bloodroot
Where pale Lent lilies grow,
To teach the blue-fringed gentian
By an English brook to blow.

Peonies and goldenrod
To plant in woodland dells,
Where they shall see with wonder
The nodding foxglove bells.

*"O cruel Lady Mary,
Your tender plants will die,
Missing the safe garden
And your loving ministry
In the lonely woodland."*

Nay ; God's sun will shine on them
 And his sweet rain will fall
 As well in the wild woodland
 As by my garden wall.

*"Ah, thoughtless Lady Mary,
 If but one plant-heart break
 In its lone woodland exile,
 What answer will you make
 To the great Gardener?"*

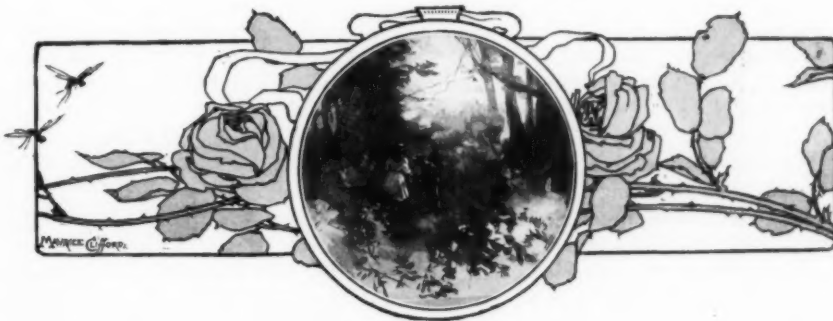
Nay ; bees and birds and children
 Will give them welcome sweet,
 And the tall oaks smile down on them
 A-blooming at their feet.

And it may be some exiled soul
 Whom God hath set to roam
 Out in the world's wide woodland
 From a safe garden home

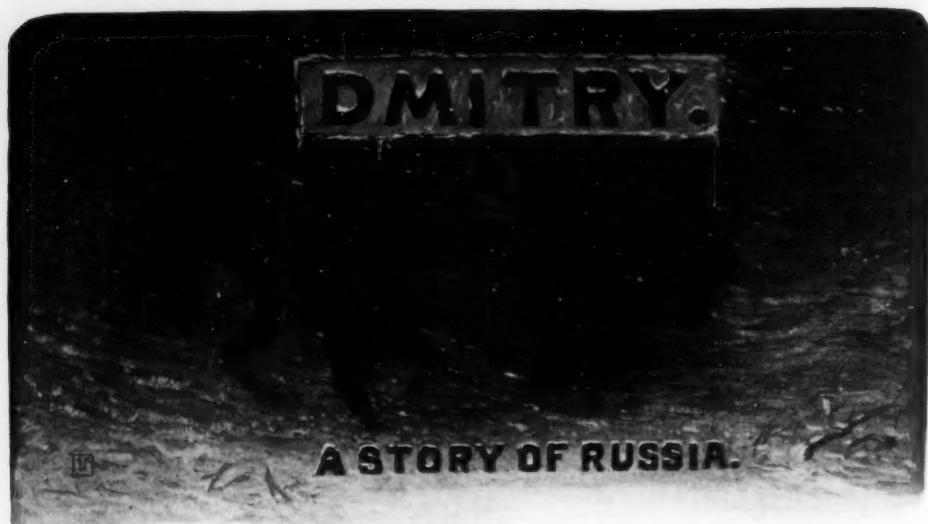
May meet some exiled flower
 Within the forest wild,
 And let it lead him home again,
 Once more a little child.

But if no such angel ministry
 As this be theirs to win,
 Still the great Gardener, heeding all,
 Will count it not a sin

That flowers again are neighbors
 That have not met before
 Since our Lady Eve did tend them
 Upon Euphrates' shore !



MAURICE C. FORD.



WE were on our way to Moscow, Arthur Crabtree and I. We had met in Belgium, and as it was tedious traveling alone, I accepted his proffered company; besides, of course, if he chose to run the risk of having his nose frozen off, he had a perfect right to do so. So behold us, well enveloped in cloaks and furs, giving our fingers and toes a final warming at the little station of Z— while we waited for our sledge and post-driver to make their appearance.

By and by the master of the station put his head in at the door. "Ivan is waiting, most worthy and excellent sir." Not knowing my name or rank, and determined to give me *some* title, these good people called me "worthy," "excellent," and "respectable" so continually that I began to entertain quite a high idea of my own character.

"Come, Crabtree," I said cheerfully, and we hastened out into the little courtyard, where our black, coffin-like sledge was standing, with a strong little horse harnessed to it.

There was a busy hurrying to and fro, and a jingle and clang of sharp-toned bells. Our little horse had a half-hoop over its neck, and the bells, which were large and loud, hung in this, and swung and sounded their sharp notes with every toss of his shaggy mane.

The driver finally came, pulling his fur cap

down over his head, and just as we came out he tucked a pair of pistols into his belt and off we started.

"What are those pistols for, Ivan?"

"For the wolves, most respectable sir," he said, with a grave smile.

"Wolves!" ejaculated Crabtree, with a start.

"Yes, wolves, little gentleman," said Ivan.

"But perhaps we shall see none. That is as the good saints will. Still, it is best to be ready."

Sometimes we met another sledge, and Ivan would speak a word or two to the driver.

"There have been no wolves seen this far, worthy sir. Those traders have come through from Moscow."

Presently a handsome sledge, drawn by two fine horses, dashed past us. Ivan drew his little horse humbly out of the way. The gentleman all wrapped up in furs in the back seat bowed courteously as he was whisked by.

"That is Prince D—ch," said Ivan. "He owns all the land here. He is very good. There was something he did once that you might like to hear.

"There was once a post-driver who, with his wife and son, lived in a small house near the station we have just passed. In summer he drove a droshky and in winter a sledge between his village and the station some twelve versts (about eight miles) farther on. Well, he

was fond of talking, and as he could talk very well, and was quite amusing to listen to, his friends and neighbors were always getting him to deliver speeches about this thing and that thing, and because he must sometimes have something new, he—poor man—often said a great many things which he did not mean. So one day he said something about the Czar, and a government official was there and heard it, and the next day Dmitry was arrested and taken off to Moscow, with a guard on each side of him.

"His wife cried bitterly as she watched them past the turn of the road, but her son, Dmitry the younger, said cheerily: 'Do not cry, mother; father will soon be back, and in the meantime we have Feodor, the pony, and I can drive the droshky as well as my father—yes, and a sledge, too.'

"So the mother dried her eyes, and the next day Dmitry took his father's place at the post station. 'Dmitry!' travelers would sometimes say. 'Why, Dmitry was a big man with a long beard'; and then the boy would say, 'That was my father, good sirs, and I am here for a time in his place.' And every one who rode with him praised his careful driving and the strength and spirit of Feodor, the little pony. However tired Dmitry was, he always found time to attend well to Feodor, and whenever he could he brought him a treat of salt fish."

"Salt fish!" cried my friend Crabtree, incredulously.

"Russian horses are very fond of salt fish, little —"

I hurried to interrupt Ivan before he could finish the obnoxious term.

"What a strange taste! But go on, Ivan."

"It was all very well for Dmitry in the summer, when the roads were good. 'But when winter comes,' said the old post-drivers, 'we will see what happens.'

"But with the first snow out came Dmitry's sledge. The robes were all shaken out and the bells were shining, and Feodor was pawing the snow and snorting, as if saying, 'Here we are, you see, all ready for winter, just as soon as any of you.'

"Every morning Dmitry presented himself in good time, and each night when Feodor was

led back to his stable every one said the boy had well earned his day's wages.

"Well, one night a traveler came to the post station who said he was the secretary of Prince D——ch and had despatches for him which he must carry through that night.

"The master of the station shook his head. The snow had been falling all afternoon, and the tracks were filled up. It was so dark, too, no one could find the road if it was once lost, which it would be in the first half-hour, the master said.

"'But it must be done!' said the secretary. 'Call up the men and tell them that the one who takes me to the residence of the prince to-night shall have anything he asks me for.'

"But the men shook their heads. No, it was impossible. They would lose the road and then the wolves would get them.

"The secretary was so angry he stamped his feet and cried out: 'Cowards! Is there no one here with a man's soul in his body?' Then Dmitry stepped out into the light.

"'I will take you, Sir Secretary.'

"But the master pulled the boy back.

"'No, no, Dmitry! Think of your mother, who has no one now but you—think!'

"The boy shook himself free. 'I *am* thinking, Stepanof, and we can do it well enough. Feodor has only gone five versts to-day and is as fresh as ever.'

"The secretary turned to the master: 'Can the child drive?'

"'As well as any one, but —'

"'That is enough.' Then, turning to Dmitry:

"'Be ready in a quarter of an hour. I will leave my man here, so your horse will have a light weight. It is eight versts to the next station, and five more to the residence of the prince. Can you do it?'

"'We can, Sir Secretary'; and Dmitry hurried off to get Feodor ready.

"Two of the men followed him, and one offered him a cloak and the other gave him a knife. 'You may need it, Dmitry,' he said gloomily. But the boy only laughed.

"'It is too cold for the wolves to-night, is n't it, Feodor?' and the little horse whinnied softly in reply.

"The secretary was standing in the door,

wrapped in his long cloak. He jumped into the sledge without a word, and in a moment they were off. Dmitry waved his hand to old Stepanof, who stood shaking his head after them.

"Oh, how cold it was, and how the snow drifted in their faces! The secretary pulled up the collar of his cloak and loosened the pistols in his belt.

"'Boy, are you sure you know the way?'

"'No, Sir Secretary,' said Dmitry, modestly; 'I cannot be *sure* in this storm: but I know Feodor knows the way.'

"The secretary shrugged his shoulders. 'I was mad to attempt it,' he muttered.

"Colder and darker grew the night. The secretary dozed sometimes. Feodor's bells jingled slowly; it was heavy work, drawing the sledge through the unbroken snow. But whenever the secretary waked, there was Dmitry, slapping himself to keep from freezing, or talking cheerfully to the pony. He always seemed alert and wide awake, so by and by the secretary forgot that he was not in his own comfortable bed, and he fell fast asleep.

"He was waked by the stopping of the sledge. Lights were moving about, and Dmitry was saying: 'We are at the station, Sir Secretary. Do you wish for anything?'

"The secretary jumped out, yawning and stretching himself.

"'Have you been awake all the time, child?'

"'All the time, sir.'

"'How have you managed it?'

"Dmitry smiled, and drew the knife one of the men had given him out of his belt. 'Sometimes I was forgetting; then see'—shoving up his sleeve and showing small pricks in his arm.

"'We will stay here half an hour!' shouted the secretary, 'if all the despatches in the dominion wait. Some of you fellows rub down this horse. Shall he have something to eat?' he asked Dmitry.

"'Some salt fish, please, Sir Secretary,' said Dmitry, thinking of Feodor's pleasure.

"'Come, now,' and the secretary half carried the boy into the room. He called the host, and soon some bread and sausage, and a steaming kettle of tea, were placed on the table.

"'Here, drink and eat,' said the secretary, pushing the things toward Dmitry.

"He drank a glass of the scalding tea thirstily, and by and by began to eat.

"The secretary, walking up and down the room, watched him kindly, but anxiously.

"What a sturdy, faithful spirit!' he said to himself. 'The prince ought to have him.'

"Presently, when he saw the boy had finished, he said briskly:

"'Well, Dmitry, shall we go on again?'

"Dmitry rose quickly. 'I am ready.'

"That's right—"deeds, not words," said the secretary, laughing, and in a few minutes they were off again.

"On, on into the stormy night. Feodor shook the snow out of his eyes and plodded steadily forward.

"They were nearing the residence of the prince. The secretary was wide awake now. Sometimes Feodor would stop and snort, as if to say, 'Where now?' Then Dmitry would turn to the secretary, and after a few words Feodor would trot on again.

"At last the great gates were reached. The secretary sprang out and rang a bell which they heard clattering and clanging a long way off. Lights moved to and fro, voices talking, and presently the gates opened, and the secretary walked into the courtyard, followed by poor, tired little Feodor, with steaming sides and drooping head, his half-frozen little master still holding the reins.

"A splendid personage in velvet and gold lace hurried out to meet them.

"His Highness has been expecting you anxiously, Sir Secretary,' he said, bowing low, 'but had given up all hope, the night being so stormy.'

"I would never have reached here had it not been for this child,' said the secretary, lifting Dmitry to the ground. 'Take him and treat him well.'

"But Feodor—' murmured Dmitry, half asleep.

"His Highness's own groom shall see to Feodor,' said the secretary, beckoning to one of the men. 'Feodor is the best little horse I ever saw.' And Dmitry went off well pleased.

"Next morning the secretary sent for the boy.

"Well, my young friend, now what reward shall I give you for last night's work?'

"The boy's face flushed. 'Only to see the prince, Sir Secretary,' he said huskily.

they came to one where the prince, in a fur-lined dressing-gown, sat at breakfast.

"'Only to see the prince! That is easily done, for he has requested me to bring you to

"'There is the prince,' said the secretary. 'Now, if you have anything to say, say it.'



"THEN DMITRY STEPPED OUT INTO THE LIGHT. 'I WILL TAKE YOU, SIR SECRETARY.'"

him,' said the secretary; 'but come, now, what will you have for yourself?'

"'Only to see the prince,' said Dmitry, softly.

"'Well, come, then, you odd child'; and the secretary led him through room after room, till

"Dmitry hurried forward and threw himself at the feet of the prince, who was smilingly regarding him. 'My father—' he gasped, then burst into loud sobs. The prince kindly raised him, and then he told how long he had

hoped for a chance to plead for his father, who had been now two years in prison—"for saying what he did not mean," sobbed Dmitry. He told of his mother's prayers and tears, of the

"And now," said Ivan, "Dmitry the elder is master of the post station yonder, and the young man you saw driving the prince's sledge just now is the boy who risked his life to win his

father's pardon. Now, worthy and most excellent sirs, here is the station. This is as far as I go; you will get another driver here."

Ivan bade us good-by with many smiles and bows, and we stumbled into the warm little room at the station as fast as our half-frozen feet would let us.

In came the host with his kettle of tea, and Crabtree immediately scalded his mouth with it—he had done that regularly at every station at which we had stopped.

"How long will you remain here, most worshipful gentlemen?" asked the host, with a twinkle in his eyes as he saw poor Crabtree's disturbed face. "It will soon snow," and he gave a careless glance at the sky.

"Can you give us a good room?"

"Excellent, worthy gentleman, and to-morrow you will have the best horse between this place and Moscow."

"Well, Crabtree, what do you say? It does look like snow, and—"

"And I smell something awfully good out there," said Crabtree, whose burned mouth permitted him to speak again. "Let us stay, by all means. We don't care to play Dmitry and the secretary to-night, at all events."

A. L. F.



"DMITRY HURRIED FORWARD AND THREW HIMSELF AT THE FEET OF THE PRINCE."

lonely home, of the hope, that had sustained him all the previous night, that if he could only see the prince all would yet be well.

"The prince and his secretary exchanged looks of sympathy; and then, raising the child, who had again thrown himself at his feet, the prince promised that if his influence could do it his father should be free.

MISTRESS FLYNN AND THE POT OF GOLD.

BY FRED D. STOREY.



THE shtory I tould ye yisterdy respectin' me uncle Lanty O'Hoolahan's quare advinture wid the Little People reminds me that I disremember if I tould ye how the fairies showed ould Kitty Flynn the very idintical shpot where the trisure wor buried.

"Is it shpot?" siz you.

Sure there wor shpots enough for a bad case av the measles, an' plinty lift to make an illigant dhress-coat for a leopard. It's thrue for ye, the trisure wor n't in *all* thim shpots; but thin ye could n't be so onr'asonable as to expict a man to find pots av gould scattered around as thick as butthercups, especially as it wor a woman as wor a-searchin' for it, an' ould Mistress Flynn at that, who iverybody knows wor as short-sighted as me uncle whin he used to mate me on the shreet afther the fairies med his fortin. An' if ye 'll be sayin' that she wor, besides, as deaf as a post an' as wake as wather, it's not mesilf as 'll be onpolite enough to conthradict ye.

"But," siz you, "Phalim," siz you, "y'are wandherin' from the p'int."

Right y' are, honeys, siz I, an' that 's pre-coisely what ould Kitty did afore she found the pot av gould. An', be the same token, she niver did find that gould at all.

Ah, but it 's the mane ould miser she wor — as rich as a money-linder!

How ould she wor nobody knew; an' even they dare n't revale the sacret for fear av losin' their carackther for truth an' veracity in the community.

"Uncle," siz I, "Kitty Flynn 's an ixcad-ingly ould woman," siz I.

"Ould!" siz he. "She wor an ould woman whin yer grandfather, rest his sowl, wor a boy, an' she 's an infant in arrums now to what she wor thin. She 's a dale oulder nor what she appears to be," siz he.

"Bedad," siz I, "she luks it."

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Have yez iver taken notice, childher, that the less toime an ould man has lift to spind the money, the more grady he is to be graspin' av it? Av coorse ye have n't; but it 's thrue for all that, an' quare enough for a conundhrum. If it wor mesilf, now, I 'd be for skamin' the half av me life to lay hould av the cash, an' the l'ave av it for shcrapin' the time together to spind it aisily an' plisintly. Now the reverse av the conthrairy av that wor the way wid ould Kitty. Niver at rest but whin she wor toilin' an' moilin' afther money an' lands an' tinimints.

Well, as I wor on the ave av informin' ye, ould Kitty wor trampin' home from Bengoil wan blazin' hot day in July, hungry as a bear, wid rheumatism in her j'int's an' a big market-basket in her arrums — an' all beca'se she wor too mane to pay ould Malone the carrier a con-timptible thrippenny bit for a ride, an' he owin' her a matther o' tin shillin' for praties, wid no more chance av gettin' out av debt than he had av gettin' into Parliament. It was tremindous hot, so Kitty tuk the short cut through Drum-darra wood to avoid the hate. She wor a bit narvous too, for she had come be a bit av her property sitooated close be the outskiyarts av Bengoil, intindin' to see how Tirrince Fahay wor gettin' along wid a job o' ditch-diggin' she had set him at. Ould man Murphy, havin' nothin' else to do, accompanied her, an' — w'u'd ye belave it? — there in the middle o' the field, right forminst Tirrince, an' he not a-noticin' it, wor a rale fairy ring. Now Kitty had not seen a fairy ring since she wor a little gal, an' the sight o' this wan made her a bit narvous — which wor not onr'asonable, ye must admit.

But Kitty found it wor no better in the shade nor in the sun, for the trees kep' out ivery breath av air, an' made it as close an' sulthry as a Dutch oven.

Siz she to hersilf, as she put down the basket an' s'ated hersilf on a log to rest awhile, siz she, "Quoth the Cook to the Duck, 'Which w'u'd

ye prefer: to be roasted afore the fire, or stewed in a saucepan?' Siz the Duck to the Cook, siz he, 'If it 's all the same to yersilf, I 'd sooner be biled in a shtrame av cold wather.'

"An' if I had the full av a cup av that same cold wather at the prisint moment," siz she, "I 'd be more thankful an' less thirsty. Me heart 's broke," siz she, "wid the load an' the fatigue an' the hate."

Purty soon she began to get drowsy, an' wor in the act av composin' hersilf for a nap, whin she sat up suddin-like an' siz:

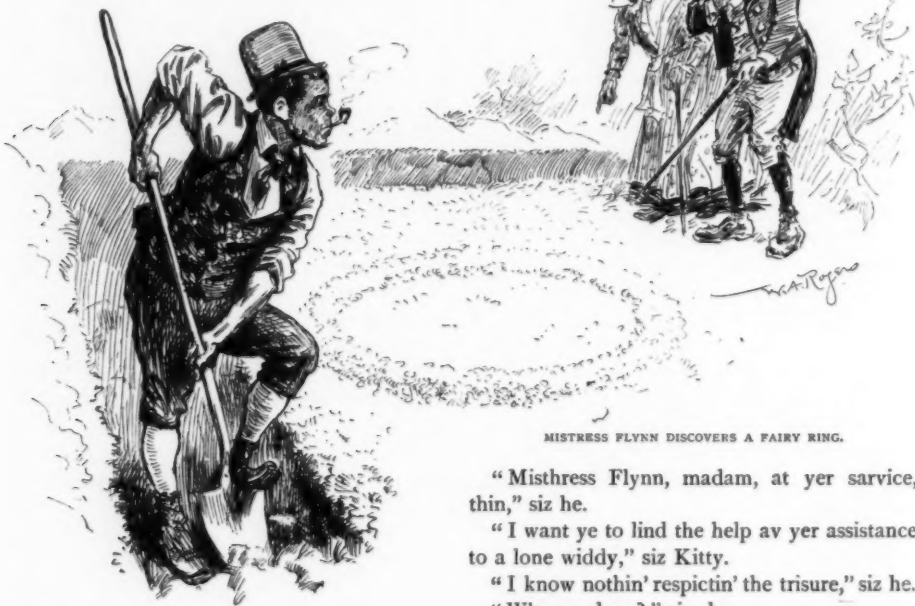
"Whisht!" siz she. "What 's that beyant?"

An' well she might; for right undher the

An', houldin' her breath for fear av wakin' him, she crep' up shly, an' clutched him wid both hands. The Little Man kicked an' struggled, but it wor no good; for Kitty had him so tight that his heart leapt intil his mouth an' his ribs curled round his backbone.

"An' what may ye be a-wantin' wid me, good woman?" siz he, whin he wor fairly awake.

"Good woman yersilf," siz she, in a huff.



MISTRESS FLYNN DISCOVERS A FAIRY RING.

shade av a big fern, almost within rache av her arrum, wid his head restin' on the top av a convenient toadstool an' his legs comfortably crossed over a leaf av the bracken, lay wan av the Little People, fast asleep.

"'T is the fairy postman," mutthered she. "There 's the little leather mail-bag, an' the blue jacket wid brass buttons, an' the shovepipe hat wid the gould band. Ah, but it 's the lucky woman I am this day," siz she. "The Little Man knows ivery crock av gould an' trisure that 's buried in the County Roscommon."

"Misthress Flynn, madam, at yer sarvice, thin," siz he.

"I want ye to lind the help av yer assistance to a lone widdy," siz Kitty.

"I know nothin' respectin' the trisure," siz he.

"Who axed ye?" siz she.

"I see it in yer eye," siz he.

"Troth, ye 'll see it in me pocket afore we part company," siz she.

"I don't know where it is," siz he.

"Ye do," siz she.

"'T is a long way off," siz he.

"We 'll tramp it," siz she.

"But I 'm late," siz he, "an' the king expicts me."

"Av ye don't show me the shpot," siz she, "ye 'll not on'y be late, but late laminted." (Which, as yersilf can see, wor a joke.)

"L'ave me go," siz he, "an' I 'll tell it to ye."

"I 'll l'ave ye go," siz she, "whin ye *show* it to me."

"Thin come along," siz he.

"I will that," siz she.

An' off they started, she carryin' him, her two hands clasped round his waist wid a grip av iron, an' wid a bag slung over her back to hould the gould in.

"Which way do I go?" siz she.

"Shtraight be yer nose," siz he.

"D' ye mock me?" siz she. For, sure, her nose p'inted shtraight upwards in a line wid the north star.

"Niver a bit," siz he. "'T is right before ye as ye go."

An' she forgot the hate an' the hunger, an' the provisions in the market-basket, an' hobbled along like a paydistrian at a walkin' match.

They had been thravelin' for some time, whin who should happen along but Mike Lanigan, the hedge schoolmaster.

Whin Kitty see him, she siz to the Little Man: "Here 's that interfarin' blatherskite, Mike Lanigan, a-comin'. For fear he 'll be obsarvin' ye, I 'll jist drop ye intil the bag," siz she. An' widout aven a "by yer l'ave" or an "axin' yer pardon," she dropped him in, keepin' all the time a sharp holt on the mouth av the sack.

"Good mornin', Misthress Flynn," siz Mike, wid an illigant flourish.

"Mornin'," siz she, shortly, for she ached to get rid av him.

"*Pax tuncum*," siz he, purlitely, for he wor a very edicated gintleman, an' so l'arned that he aven used to dhrame in the dead languages.

"What packs o' tay come?" siz she. "I niver ordhered anny, an' whoever siz I did 's an imposthor, an' I won't take 'em!"

"Ye miscomprehind me, ma'am," siz he, wid a wave av his hand. "'T is a cotation from the anncient Latin, an' it manes, P'ace be wid ye," siz he.

"Troth, I 'd a dale rather that pace 'd be wid me," siz she, "than Mike Lanigan or anny sich jabberin' haveril," siz she.

"Ye 're complimenthary, ma'am," siz he, for he wor n't aisy to offend. "An' what have ye in yer sack, if I may make so bould?" siz he.

"A lig av pork," siz she.

"'T is a lively lig," siz he, for he see the Little Man a-squirmin' in the sack, "an' would make the fortin av a race-horse av he could match it."

"I mint a suckin' pig," siz she.

"Is it dhressed?" siz he.

"'T is alive," siz she.

"Where may ye be takin' it?" siz he.

"Home," siz she.

"Thin ye mane to sarcumtransmigrate the woruld, ma'am," siz he, "seerin' as it 's on'y yer back as is facin' for home."

"Niver ye throuble yer head nayther about me face or me back," siz she. "They 'll moind theirsilves," siz she.

"Can I carry it for ye?" siz he.

"Ye cannot," siz she. "Ye can carry yer-silf off, an' I 'll be thankful, an' good luck to ye."

"Joy go wid ye, thin," siz he. An' he wint away wondherin' at her lack av appreciation av his improvin' an' intertainin' conversation.

As soon 's his back wor turned, Kitty grabbed hould av the collar av the fairy's jacket an' tuk him out av the sack ag'in.

"Is it much farther?" siz she.

"It is," siz he. "Ye go along the road over an' beyant Benauchlan, an' whin ye rache the t' other side av the hill, ye turn down the lane forninst Larry Barry's houldin', an' whin ye come to the Widdy Green's turfshtack, wid the little clamps av turf round it, ye cross the shtile, an' folly the pad road for a mile or so, through the church meadows, an' past Drummoach-a-Vanaghan bog, ontill ye come till a large tin-acre field wid a fairy fort in the cinter av the middle av it," siz he.

An', be the same token, I may as well be explainin' to yez that a fairy fort is in the nayture av a mound wid an ilivated deprission in it, undhernathe which the Little People hould their coort.

"An' in that field," siz the Little Man, "in a shpot I 'll direct ye to, ye 'll find the gould."

"Sure," siz Kitty, "'t is me own field ye 're after describin'." For Kitty minded the fairy ring she had seen early that mornin'.

"Thin," siz he, "yer title to the trisure 'll be the cl'arer."

"Shmall thanks to ye," siz she, "for givin' me what 's me own a'ready."

Well, afther a long an' tajus walk, they kem to the field; an' whin the Little Man p'inted out the place, she shcraped up a little hape av earth, and set the turf indways on the top av it.

"I 'll be sure to raycognize it ag'in," siz she.

"Ye will," siz he; "an' now me conthract 's compleat, I 'll be l'avin' ye, av ye pl'ase."

"Don't be onaisy!" siz she.

"I 'm not," siz he, "but ristless. 'I 'm expicted at the king's coort."

"Tell 'em ye wor subpanied as a spictatin' witness in another coort," siz she.

"But I 've letthers to deliver," siz he.

"An' I 've letthers to recave," siz she; "an' they 're printed round the rim av a gould piece, an' whin I rade thim ye can go," siz she.

"What 'll ye be doin' wid me?" siz he.

"Takin' care av ye for the night," siz she, "an' seein' ye don't overshlape yersilf as ye did the day."

An' away they wint, an' in coorse av time they rached Kitty's house, whin, siz she to the Little Man, "Av ye 'll give me yer word not to l'ave the room, but to deliver yersilf up to me in the mornin', I 'll let ye loose for the night," siz she; "but av ye don't I 'll tie ye, hand an' fut, to the bidpost."

The Little Man gave his word, an' afther a bit they sat down quioiet an' ppaceable over a big bowl av stirabout an' butthermilk.

As Kitty wor cl'arin' off the dishes aftherwards she chanced to pape out av the windy, whin, turnin' to the Little Man, she siz:

"Concale yersilf! There 's that mischavous ould gossip Bridget O'Hara a-comin'. Sure av she 'd stayed till she wor wanted she 'd wait until all the sands in Ould Father Time's hour-glass wor scattered over Bundoren Beach," siz she.

"Good avenin'," siz Bridget O'Hara, as she lifted the latch and opined the door, "an' good avenin' till ye, Misthress Flynnn."

"Good avenin'," siz Kitty.

"An' how d' ye find yersilf the day?" siz she.

"Tired wid a hard day's worruk," siz Kitty, "and longin' for shlapel!"

"It 's mesilf as won't be hinderin' ye," siz Biddy, "but I heard a foolish shtory from Mike

Lanigan the day, an' I thought it me duty to be tellin' ye av it."

"What w'u'd ye expict from a donkey but a hee-haw?" siz Kitty.

"He siz that ye 've bin poachin' in Drum-darra wood, an' he mit ye wid a sackful av hares an' rabbits an' wid a brace av phisants undher yer arrum," siz she.

This put Kitty in a quandäry; for she see Biddy wor jist aten up wid curiosity, an' she did n't know how to be explainin' the bag, whin the Little Man helped her out av the schrape by upsettin' the shtool on which Biddy wor s'ated, and topplin' her over on the flure.

"Sure yer house is bewitched," siz she, as she picked hersilf up and flew out av the room in a rage.

II.



E nixt mornin' Kitty wor up, an' sthirrin' afore Benauchlan top wor a blushin' at the first wink av sunrise. She tuk the Little Man, who delivered himsilf up accordin' to agramint, an' put him undher a milkpan on the flure, wid a big sthone on

the top for a solid foundation. Thin she shouldhered a shpade an' med shtraight for the trisure field.

But, *begorra!* she c'u'd scarce belave her eyes at the sight that mit her whin she got there. The field wor covered from ind to ind, an' from cinter to diamether, wid little hapes av earth, each wid a turf on top exactly like the wan she med the night afore.

"Millia murther!" she screamed. "Ch'atin'! roguery! rascality! villainy!" siz she. "Thim thaves the Little People have bin here the night an' ch'ated me out av me hard-ained gould. I 'll niver find it undher all thim hapes, av I dig for a century," siz she.

An' she ran about the field like wan possessed, shtumblin' over the hapes an' flingin' the turves around, thyrin' to find the idintical shpot she marked the pravius afternoon. But it stands to sinse she c'u'd n't. The Little People wor too cunnin' for that. Ivery hape wor as much like his brother as two pays, an' av coorse

it wor onpossible to indicate a turf, wid thou-
sands av 'em shtruck all over the field like
plums in a puddin'.

"At all evints," siz she, "I 'll take it out av
that decavin' little vilyun at home." siz she.
"I 'll tache him to chate me out av me tris-
sure," siz she. "I 'll mark a shpot on him that
he won't be apt to mistake."

An' she totthered to'rds home ag'in, wid her
limbs thrimblin' undher her, br'athin' dipridation
an' vingince on him.

'T is no good me tellin' ye, honeys, for ye
won't belave me! But whin she got home, an'
lifted the pan, there wor n't enough lift undher
it to fill a crack in the eye av a needle. The
Little Man wor gone!

She s'tated hersilf on the flure, an' wailed an'
laminted like a keener at a wake. An' all over
the house—undher the bidstead, an' in the
corners, an' among the crockery, an' up the
chimleys—she c'u'd hear the Little People
dancin' and patterin', and l'apin' about and
mockin' her wid lafture an' mirriment at the
cliver way they 'd turned the tables on ould
Misthress Flynn!

"At anny rate," siz she, whin her aggravation

had gone down a bit, "av I can't find the
gould, the little ribels have lift me good turf
enough for next winther's fuel widout me dis-
thurbin' me own," siz she.

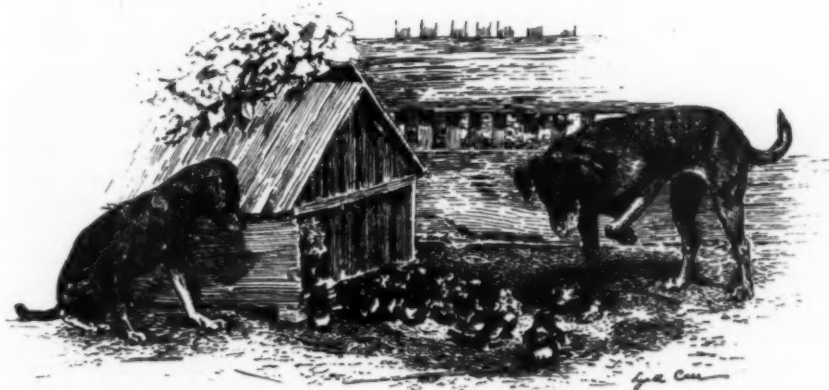
"He, he! Have they, though!" siz an
invisible v'ice be her elbow. "Luk at yer
turfshstack!"

Kitty flew to the door, gave one luk, an' sunk
all av a hape be the threshold.

"'T is the last shstroke av an evil fortin on a
poor lone widdy," siz she. "The blaggards
hev scathered me own turf all over the trisure
field, an' 't will cost me eighteenpince a load
to get 'em home ag'in. Ochone! Ochone!
I 'm destroyed an' ruined intirely."

What 's that ye 're sayin', *acushla*? Did she
iver find the gould? Faith, me darlints, that 's
a quarry I 'm onable to answer yez! All I
know is that she died amazin' rich, an' an ould
rusty iron pot wor diskivered in the barn which
iverybody said wor the wan she found the
trisire in.

So yez see that, afther all, the matther remains
what the gintleman av the legal profission
w'u'd call an *opin question*!



FIDO (FROM BEHIND THE COOP): "LOOK OUT, TOWSER. THEY 'LL BITE YOU!"



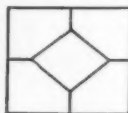
HOW TO KEEP A BASEBALL SCORE.

BY ALLAN P. AMES.

the end of these on the right of each page are several perpendicular columns headed A B, R, I B, S B, S H, P O, A, and E, for the summary. These stand for, respectively, times at bat, runs, the times a player has reached first base, stolen bases, sacrifice hits, put-outs, assists, and errors.

The symbols used by professional scorers are comparatively few and easy to remember, and any one familiar with the game ought to be able to use them after half an hour's study followed by a little practice. The system I am about to describe is the one most generally employed, and probably the simplest. Scorers vary it to suit their individual uses, and in the course of a long experience often invent signs of their own; but this is the foundation, and after it has been mastered the beginner is in a position to make what experiments he pleases.

In the first place, for the sake of brevity each member of a baseball team is numbered, according to the position he plays. The pitcher is No. 1; the catcher, 2; the first baseman, 3; second baseman, 4; third baseman, 5; short stop, 6; left fielder, 7; center fielder, 8, and right fielder, 9. The positions, you will observe, are taken in their regular order. Now, on the score-book, opposite each player's name, is a horizontal line of squares, each divided off by a central diamond and lines connecting its points with the four sides of the square, as shown in the sample scores on page 696. Some books have a circle inside the square instead of the diamond; but a diamond seems more suitable, because it bears a direct relation to the diamond on which the game is played. In the first pentagon at the lower right-hand corner of the square is recorded how the player reaches first base, or was put out before getting there. In the same way the other three pentagons are used to set



AT the grounds where the professional clubs play baseball, you may have noticed a small box-like structure perched on the roof of the grand stand. Its position directly back of home plate and on a line with the pitcher is the best possible for a view of the game, and if you are lucky enough to be invited up by some of those who have a right there, you will be surprised to find how much better you can watch what is going on than from a seat nearer the ground.

This little house with the wire netting over the front to guard against foul flies is called the press or scorers' box. The young men who sit there have need of every facility for observing the game, because afterward they must present an absolutely accurate record of it. If the contesting nines belong to an important league and play in a large city there will be an official scorer for each club, besides reporters from each of the daily newspapers. The scorers have to record every move of the game and, when it is over, present to the managers of their clubs a complete set of figures, from which anybody who understands the sport can tell exactly what each player has done—how well or how poorly he has played.

Watch a scorer at work. Before him is an open book with the names of one club written down the left-hand side of one page and those of the opposing team inscribed on the page opposite. After each name is a line of check-board squares, curiously marked off, and at

down what happens at second and third base and the home plate, taking them in their order right around the square, counting upward and to the left. Inside the diamond is placed a zero when the player goes out, and the straight mark when he scores a run, and a cross when he is left on base.

Now, when the batter is put out, all it is necessary to set down is the numbers of the opposing players who handle the ball. For instance, 6—3 in the first corner would mean that the batted ball went to the short stop, No. 6, who threw it to the first baseman, No. 3. The former gets an "assist" and the latter a "put-out." If the batsman is caught out on a fly the scorer places a zero in the central diamond and F, followed by the number of the opposing player who caught the fly. F, of course, stands for "fly." For the sake of brevity, however, many scorers omit the letter, simply using the number of the player making the catch. If the batter goes out on a foul fly the abbreviation is F F, or in case the scorer omits the sign for "fly," a single F will answer for "foul."

When the batsman reaches his base there are various symbols to represent what happened. In the first place, if he makes a base hit—that is, sends the ball fair, and where no fielder can catch it or field it in soon enough to prevent him from reaching his base —the mark is like an inverted T, thus: \perp . Two such straight lines represent a two-base hit, three, a three-baser, and four, a home run. If the scorer wishes, he can show the direction of the hit by the slant of the lines. Thus, \diagup represents a two-bagger to left field. There are still finer distinctions of recording the style of the hit, but they are by no means necessary to the keeping of a satisfactory score. Here are some of them:

These \sim \perp \times . The first of these means an ordinary curving fly, the second, a bounding grounder, the third, a pop fly high in the air, the fourth, a ball hit almost straight down to the ground, and the last, a driving line hit.

Unless he makes a hit, the only other way a player can reach first is through some mistake, or misplay, by the opposing side. If he gets to first through a base on balls, B B is set down in the first base corner, and the "pass," as the

vernacular calls it, is recorded against the pitcher. E stands for "error," the number of the guilty player being put with it. P B equals "hit by pitched ball."

As for the ways in which a runner may advance from first—W means a "wild pitch," the letter being placed in the corner representing the base reached through the pitcher's mistake. P is for "passed ball." S B stands for "stolen base." If the batter strikes out, a big S is placed in the center of the diamond in the middle of his square, and a put-out given the catcher. When the batter hits the ball in such a way that he reaches first base himself, but forces a player already there to get out trying to reach second, the letters F H, meaning "forced hit," are set in the batsman's square. Double or triple plays are noted thus: 5—6—3, meaning that the third baseman received the ball and threw it to the short stop, who put out the runner at second, and then threw to the first baseman in time to retire the batter. The squares of the players thus put out are connected by a line. For any other plays that arise, such as out on an infield fly, the scorer can find initial letters or abbreviations to suit himself.

At the right of the page is the form in which scores are made up for publication. It is in deciding what constitutes some of these features that the fine knowledge of the game comes into play. All necessary information, however, is contained in the national rules, which every scorer is supposed to have in his head or his pocket. An important rule to remember is that a time at bat is not counted if the batsman goes to first on being hit by a pitched ball, gets his base on balls, or makes a sacrifice hit. Where inexperienced scorers are inclined to make the most mistakes is in allowing players too few hits and too many errors. A careful study of the rules on



WARMING UP BEFORE THE GAME.

this point will prove valuable. A good plan to follow when in doubt is to favor the batter; that is, save the fielders an error and give the man at bat a hit whenever you can. Bear in mind that the catcher earns a put-out when he catches the third strike, but if he drops the ball and is obliged to throw the batter out at first he receives an assist. Assists should be credited to a player every time he handles the ball in such a manner that the play would result in retiring the batter if all his colleagues worked without an error.

Besides the tabulated summary of times at bat, runs, etc., a properly compiled score tells the number of stolen bases and sacrifice hits and who made them. According to the national rules, the remainder of the summary must contain the score made in each inning of the game: the two- and three-base hits and home runs made by each player; the double and triple plays made by each side, with the players participating in each; the number of times a pitcher strikes out an opposing batsman; the number of bases on balls he allows; the number of times he hits a batter; the number of wild pitches; and, where two pitchers are used in one game, the number of innings that each works,

and how many hits are made off the delivery of each; also the number of passed balls charged against each catcher; the time of the game's duration; and the name of the umpire—or, if there are two umpires, their names and positions.

The best idea of what all this means can be gained from studying an actual score. Below is an exact copy of two pages of a score-book used during a game in the New York State League. Of the opposing clubs one represented Albany and the other the three towns of Amsterdam, Johnstown, and Gloversville, jointly.

To get the swing of the system follow these scores through a few innings: The A. J. G. Club went first to bat. Barry, the center fielder (No. 8), struck out; Malay, the second baseman, went out on a fly to the Albany left fielder; Williams, the first baseman, retired on a fly to the center fielder. For Albany, Cargo, the short stop, knocked a grounder to the pitcher, who threw him out at first; Doherty went out on a fly to the right fielder; and McGamwell on a similar effort to the first baseman. Griffin, who was the first man at bat for the A. J. G. Club in the second inning, got his base on balls. This is to be marked up against

Clubs,	A-f-g.	vs.	at	*	Date.													
	Inn	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	AB	R	B	SO	PO	AE
Barry	8	\$		BB ⁶		9		BB		L ¹			3	0	1		2	10
Malay	4	7		FB		\$ ²		8		F			5	0	0		4	50
Williams	3	8		FB			BB		BB ⁶				2	0	0		8	11
Griffin	9		BB		3		7		L ²				3	2	1		3	01
Uniac	5		L		3		8		BB ⁴				4	0	1		1	00
Glaney	7		BB ²		BB ¹		8		BB				4	0	2	1	1	00
G. Stroh	6		BB		FB			BB ³	BB ³				4	0	1		3	12
W. Stroh	2		BB					BB		BB ⁴			4	0	3		1	11
James	1	\$				3		4		BB ⁶			4	0	0		1	20

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by A. G. Spalding & Bros., in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Bases on Balls 144 4 Two-Base Hits Three-Base Hits Home Runs Double Plays
Hit by Pitched Ball 2 Struck Out 1 Passed Balls Wild Pitches 1 Time of Game
Umpired by Score

Mock, the Albany pitcher. Uniack hit safely to left field and reached first; Clancy went out on a pop foul to the catcher; G. Stroh hit to left field for one base, and Griffin came home; W. Stroh went out on a fly to center field; and James ended the first half of the inning by striking out.

Thus it went through the game, which, as the figures show, was won by Albany by a score of 9—2.

The totals beneath each inning column represent the runs for that particular inning and the total score including that inning—the former being in the upper left-hand triangle and the latter in the lower right-hand one.

In the ninth inning notice a line running from Malay's square to an asterisk on the margin. This is the scorer's memorandum of some unusual feature; in the present instance an infield fly with men on bases, which caused the batter to be declared out without earning a put-out or an assist for anybody. This explains the apparent error that Albany's total put-outs foot up to one less than the customary number for nine innings.

The crosses in the diamonds show the men left on bases.

The scorer may make up his summary by going over each inning after the game; but a better plan is to record each hit, put-out, home run, etc., as fast as they are made, by setting a little dash or dot in the proper place in the final tabulation. Then, when the game is over, all that is necessary is to add up these dots or dashes and write the results, adding, of course, any minor features that the scorer can recall or of which he has made special memoranda.

The novice should not forget that the put-outs, assists, and errors on any sheet are those made by the fielders of the opposing club, whose names appear on the opposite page. With practice, all this becomes a mechanical operation. The great advantage of the system is that it leaves the scorer almost as free to watch the game as the ordinary, unoccupied spectator.

To the uninitiated an old score-book is a sealed volume; but I have seen old players reading these shorthand reports with the heightening color and unconscious muttering that showed how vividly the record recalled the scenes and events of past contests. For a true lover of the national game the system is worth knowing, if only for the glorious memories it has power to arouse.

Clubs, Albany vs. _____ at _____ Date _____

	Run	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	AB	R	B	S	O	P	A	E
Cargo	6	0 ₁₋₃		0 ₁₋₃	0 ₁₋₃	0 ₃		0 ₃					4	1	1		1	5	2	0
Doherty	4	0 ₉		0 ₉	0 ₉	0 ₉		0 ₉					4	0	2			8	3	
McJamwell	3	0 ₃		0 ₄	0 ₆		0 ₄	0 ₈					5	0	1			7	0	0
Eagan	7		0 ₇	0 ₁		0 ₁	0 ₁	0 ₁	0 ₁				5	2	2			2	0	0
Jones	8		0 ₁₋₆		0 ₁₋₆	0 ₁	0 ₁	0 ₁	0 ₁	0 ₁			5	3	3			5	0	0
Smith	9		0 ₁₋₈		0 ₁	0 ₁	0 ₁	0 ₁	0 ₁	0 ₁			3	1	2			1	0	0
Lovell	5		0 ₉		0 ₁	0 ₁	0 ₁	0 ₁	0 ₁	0 ₁			3	1	1			0	2	0
Evers	2		0 ₁₋₃		0 ₁₋₃	0 ₁	0 ₁	0 ₁	0 ₁	0 ₁			5	0	0			3	1	1
Mock	1			0 ₁	0 ₁	0 ₁	0 ₁	0 ₁	0 ₁	0 ₁			3	1	1			0	3	0
Total	0	0	1	1	2	4	6	2	8	1	9	0	9	0	9	0	9	0	9	0

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by A. G. Spalding & Bros., in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

Bases on Balls 5 Two-Base Hits 5 Three-Base Hits 4 Home Runs 1 Double Plays 4
 Hit by Pitched Ball 1 Struck Out 3 Passed Balls 0 Wild Pitches 0 Time of Game 1:40
 Umpired by J. J. Garity Scorer _____

CARADOC

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.



CARADOC.

BEFORE the British
lion had met the
unicorn,
When all England
was a forest wild
and grim,

When the herdsman led his
flock

Where the bells of London
rock,

There lived a little British
boy whose name was
Caradoc,

In a clearing by a grassy riv-
er's brim.

He had n't any stockings and
he had n't any shoes;
He had never seen a hansom
or a hat;

He had never played at cricket,

Never heard of bat or wicket;

He had never seen a football with a
burning wish to kick it:

Yet, believe me, he was every inch a Briton, for
all that!

He went, of course, to school, in the forest dark
and cool,

Where he studied without pencil, book, or chart.

He was never taught to read —

What 's the use of that, indeed?

But he learned the name of star and
stone, of blossom and of weed,

And could say a lot of pieces all by heart.

He had heard from bard and Druid, as they fed
the flaming fluid

On the great stone altar deep within the wood,

Many a tale of deeds sublime,
Which they told in stirring rhyme,
While the congregation followed in a
kind of pantomime,
And he thrilled, as any little Briton would.

Oh, he had an education, though it was n't just
like yours;

And his treasures — he 'd a cunning coat of
skin,

With some amber beads for Sunday —

Well, perhaps he wore them Monday,

For in fact I don't suppose they knew
from t' other day the one day!

And he had — his pride and his delight — a
little sword of tin.

His ambitions they were simple — you must
really not forget

That he lived about two thousand years ago:

Just to paint his body blue,

Like the warriors that he knew,

To have a little knife of flint and arrow-
heads a few,

And to follow when they cut the mistletoe.

But, alas for little Carry, he was very, very
young!

And at New Year's, when the people met to
roam

Through the forest, high and low,

Where the sacred branches grow,

(For they made the greatest fuss about a
piece of mistletoe!)

He was left to mind the baby girl at home.

Now this sturdy little Briton had no sofa soft to
sit on;

He 'd a lumpy, humpy bearskin for a bed;



He had neither toy nor book,
And he could n't even look
From the window, for there was n't one
in any niche or nook,
Save a hole cut in the ceiling overhead.

It was very still and lonely, for his baby sister
slept
In her cradle — if she had one — by the fire.
His mama was making calls
On some neighbors who were Gauls,
Just across the street — I mean the
ditch — and past the willow walls,
In a badger-skin pelisse, her best attire.

His papa and all his brothers, they were
marching with the others;
Then he sternly knit his little British brow;
Though the boys of old were trumps,
For they never cried for bumps,
(And I don't believe they ever had the
measles or the mumps.)
Yet they liked a picnic just as you do now.

And his pride he had to swallow when he
thought how they would follow
In the splendid great procession up the glade,
With the Druids, all bedight
In their gleaming robes of white,
Chanting hymns and saying verses while
they marched, with all their might,
Till they stood beneath the oak-tree's spreading
shade.

Swish! would go the golden sickle where the
bough was seen to prickle
Through the green, with milk-white berries all
aglow;
And each Briton, small or big,



"IT WAS VERY STILL AND LONELY, FOR HIS
BABY SISTER SLEPT."

Who would hunt or fight or dig,
And be lucky all the New Year through,
must carry home a twig
Of the fortune-bringing, magic mistletoe.

Every boy would have a berry save our little
Caradoc!

Then the feasting and the frolic in the wood!
All day long — he felt a choking;
It was certainly provoking:
But — he started; some one softly
through the willow hedge was poking,
And he sprang within the doorway where he
stood.

From a hostile tribe — a stranger — such a
looking stranger, too!

You'd have shaken in your very shoes for fear!
He'd a terrible mustache,
And a snakeskin for a sash,
And his face was daubed with purple in
a manner truly rash,
And he had a very long and horrid spear.



"HIS MAMA WAS MAKING CALLS
ON SOME NEIGHBORS WHO WERE GAULS."

Now a tramp, though Early English, still is
not a welcome guest,
And 't was plain his plans were sinister and
deep.

Thought our little Carry, "But!—
If he *should* come in the hut,
With the cakes a-baking on the hearth,
the pantry door not shut,
And the baby in her cradle, fast asleep!"

On he came without delay in his Early English
way,

With a war-whoop and a most ferocious
grin;
And was little Carry frightened?
Fiery bold his blue eyes lightened,
And around his little British waist his
little belt he tightened,
And he proudly drew his little sword of tin.

Who can say what might have happened!
But in just the nick of time

Came a good old Druid gravely trotting by.
He was hurrying home to see
How his favorite goose might be,—
She 'd had something for her breakfast
that had seemed to disagree,—
And he spied them in the twinkling of an eye.

Now "Tut, tut!" he cried. "What 's this?
There is something much amiss!"

And although his look was really not
unkind,

Down they fell upon their knees;
For a Druid, if you please,
Was as dreadful as an emperor, and
when he made decrees,
Why, the people, they just simply *had* to
mind!

"Rise! But tell me why you 're here on the first
day of the year,"

He observed, "when other boys are fain to
roam?"

Then, as steady as a rock,

"Sir," said little Caradoc,

"Will you please not wake the baby!
my mama is round the block,

And I 'm staying, to protect the house, at
home!"

Bright the Druid's eyes they twinkled in his face so round and wrinkled.
 "You protect—" said he (of course he spoke in rhyme),
 And his tone was kind, not scoffing,
 "You protect—" his oak-wreath doffing,
 He began, but could not finish for a dreadful fit of coughing;
 Could it be that he was laughing all the time? Like a deer into the forest turned and ran.

"Nay; put up the sword of strife now, and spare your victim's life!" Up his sleeve the Druid fumbled. "Faith,"
 And he patted little Carry on the head; said he, "your foe is humbled!
 Now I fancy I've an extra twig or so



"Sooth, my son, but you have lit on
 Such a truth as bards have writ on;
 For to guard his home 's the highest,
 dearest duty of a Briton,
 As it shall be hence forevermore!" he said.

From the oak-tree in the wood;
 And a noble warrior should
 Have a guerdon for his prowess—take
 it, sonny, and be good!"
 And he gave the lad a spray of mistletoe!



"A GOOD OLD DRUID GRAVELY TROTTING BY."

On the hearth the firelight glowed; safe the baby
waked and crowed,
As she sweetly sucked her little British thumb;
When the household, home returning
While the sunset red was burning,
Heard the tale which little Caradoc to tell them
all was yearning.
And for joy and admiration they were dumb.

His mama she hugged and kissed him in her Early
English way;
It was rough, perhaps, but loving, so who cares?
And his brothers looked askance
As they praised his happy chance;
For although he tried not to be proud,
't was obvious at a glance
That his mistletoe was twice as big as theirs!



"TAKE IT, SONNY, AND BE GOOD!"

His papa — well, he pretended that he did n't
care a straw ;

As a Briton, that was right, of course, for him.

But a proud papa was he :

And they all sat down to tea

Just as happy and contented as a family
could be —

When all England was a forest wild and grim.

Though they ate their supper sitting in a circle
on the floor,

With the chickens feeding near them, and the
cow,

None were gayer, west or east ;

For if Love be at the feast,
Such a trifle as a table does n't matter
in the least —

Home was home, two thousand years ago, as
now !

And in days or new or old beats the same a
heart that 's bold

'Neath a jacket or a furry coat of skin ;

'Mid the busy crowds that flock

Where the bells of London rock,

Could you find a braver Briton than our
little Caradoc,

With his true and trusty little sword of tin ?



"HIS MAMA SHE HUGGED AND KISSED HIM IN HER EARLY ENGLISH WAY."

BLUE-EYED GRASS.

BLUE-EYED grass in the meadow
And yarrow-blooms on the hill,
Cattails that rustle and whisper,
And winds that are never still ;

Blue-eyed grass in the meadow,
A linnet's nest near by,

Blackbirds caroling clearly
Somewhere between earth and sky ;

Blue-eyed grass in the meadow,
And the laden bee's low hum,
Milkweeds all by the roadside,
To tell us summer is come.

Mary Austin.

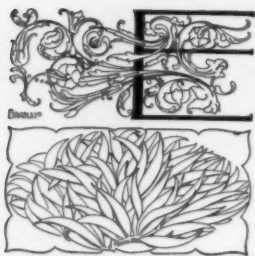
A COMEDY IN WAX.

(Begun in the November number.)

By B. L. FARJEON.

CHAPTER XXII.

A PAIR OF ARCH-CONSPIRATORS.



VIDENTLY Lorimer Grimweed was puzzled and perplexed. The state of affairs in Marybud Lodge was mysterious — very mysterious. He looked at Mme. Tussaud, and she smiled knowingly at him. Smiles are cheap. He smiled back at her. He could n't lose anything by that. He heard voices outside shouting and laughing; one voice in particular almost drowning the rest, a jovial voice, at that moment exclaiming, "Go to, thou saucy baggage!" and then fresh peals of laughter.

As Lorimer Grimweed walked with Mme. Tussaud to the playground, he said to himself: "Keep cool, keep cool. Don't let anything stagger you. Whatever it is that's going on, you may make something out of it."

The celebrities were indeed having what Tom Thumb called "a high old time." He and Queen Elizabeth were watching a game of ping-pong which Richard Cœur de Lion and Charles II were playing on a table that had been brought out for the purpose; Cromwell was shooting arrows into a target; Richard III was playing with a monkey on a stick; and Houqua the tea merchant was making a prodigiously long tail for a kite decorated with dragons cut in yellow paper, which he intended to fly for the amusement of the ladies; and all were eating chocolate creams, with which Lucy, going smilingly from one to another, kept them liberally supplied. Presently the principal interest became centered in an Aunt Sally which Harry Bower had fixed in the ground, and in which rollicking pastime he was giving

instruction. Henry VIII was particularly eager about it.

"A tourney — a tourney!" he cried. "We challenge the boldest knight to a tilt of sticks 'gainst the nose of Mme. ma tante Sallie."

"That knight am I," exclaimed Richard III, before any one else could speak, "unless thou art afraid."

"Afeard!" cried Henry. "The pale ghost Fear was ne'er yet seen on Henry's brow! Harry of the Bower, count out the sticks, and see that the pipe is firmly fixed 'twixt Mme. Sallie's lips. Afeard! Wert thou our vassal, Richard, the lowest dungeon in our castle would be thy bed; but as it is, thy challenge is accepted. Heralds, proclaim; let the trumpets sound."



"MME. TÚSSAUD SMILED KNOWINGLY AT HIM."

By this time Harry Bower had completed the arrangements for the match. The pipe was fixed in Aunt Sally's mouth; in her funny frilled cap she seemed to be grinning at the company

and to be saying, "Come on, my bucks; I 'm ready for you."

Nettled as he was at the presence of his rival, Lorimer Grimweed took no notice of Harry. He offered his flabby hand to Lydia.

"How do you do, Miss Lyddy?"

"How do you do, Mr. Grimweed?" said Lydia, politely, but without much cordiality.

"Remember, Harry," said Mary Queen of Scots to Henry VIII, "bright eyes behold thy deeds."

"By St. Jude!" he said, poisoning a stick in his hand, "we will make dust of Mme. ma tante Sallie's pipe."

Vain boast! He threw three sticks, and Aunt Sally still grinned at him, her pipe unbroken in her mouth. Richard III missed with his first and second sticks, but with his third smashed the pipe.

"Ha, ha, Henry!" he cried, with a boastful laugh. "We will show thee!"

"One to his Majesty Richard III," said Mme. Tussaud.

Henry VIII threw three more sticks, and, roaring with laughter, sent the pipe flying with his third; but Richard III smashed two pipes to his one, and was proclaimed the victor.

"Any more, Hal?" asked Richard III, triumphantly.

"No more, cousin. Mme. ma tante Sallie plays us false. We have had enough of the jade."

He struck her a vigorous whack across the face with a stick, and her frilled cap fell on one side of her head. She looked a very battered and dilapidated old woman.

Lorimer Grimweed cast his eyes around, and they met those of Mme. Tussaud. The few words he had had with her had not impressed him unfavorably. He had spoken to her rudely, and she had answered him amiably. Perhaps he could bamboozle the old lady. Anyhow, it would do him no harm to try to make a friend of her.

"Look here," he said, beckoning her aside. "What is all this about? I'd like to know, you know."

"What do you want to know, 'you know'?" asked Mme. Tussaud.

"Whether all this is real — genuine, you know."

"Oh, it 's real enough," said Mme. Tussaud. "Does not Shakspeare say that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy?"

"Yes, he does; and he knew a lot, did n't he? I tell you, Shakspeare was a wise old chap, now was n't he?"

"Indeed he was. There never was a poet so



"A TOURNEY — A TOURNEY!" HE CRIED.

wise and far-seeing. He foresaw the future; he foretold what would take place centuries after he wrote his wonderful plays. When that tricky imp Puck said that he would put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes, there was no electric telegraph, no telephone, no Atlantic cable; and the girdle *has* been put round the earth, and under the sea, and we can speak to our friends in America, and they to their friends in England, just as though we and they were all living in one house — not to mention speaking across the water without any wires at all. If that is true, Mr. Grimweed, — which it is, — why should not this be true?"

"Of course, of course," he said eagerly. "And seeing 's believing, is n't it? (I wonder if Shakspeare said that!) But, my dear woman, I am not asleep—I am awake. Oh, you 've no idea how wide awake I am! I say—what a magnificent dress Queen Elizabeth has on—a magnificent dress!"

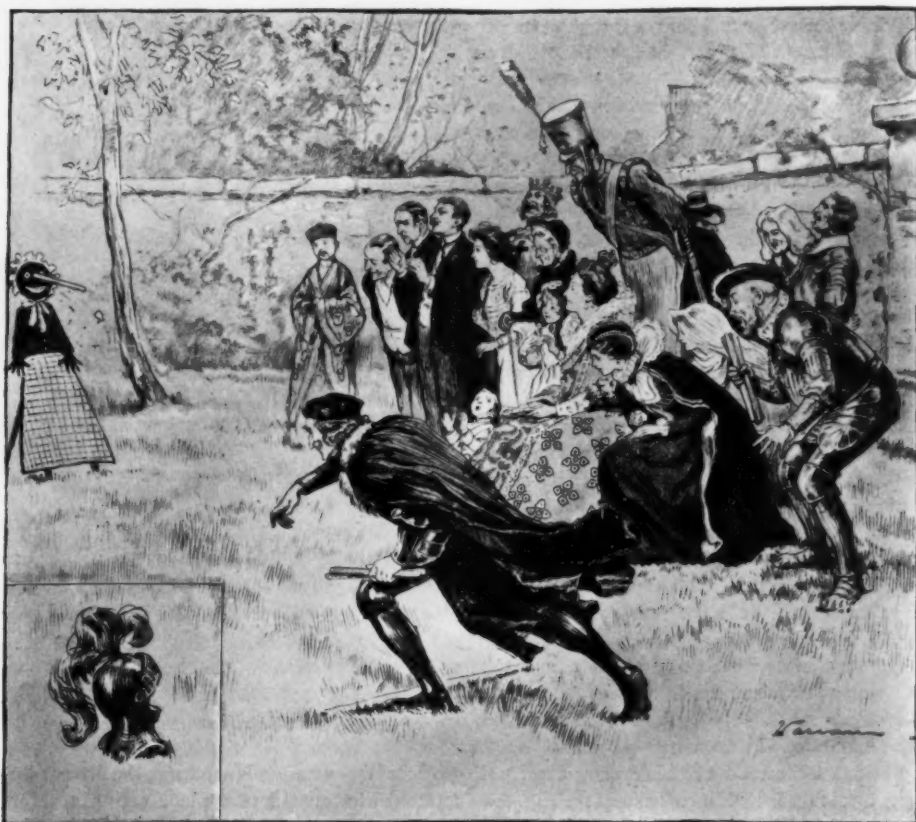
"I shall not try. You 're fond of curious things?"

"Rather!"

"Would you like to see something very, very curious?"

"Is there anything to pay?"

"No, not a penny; it is quite free."



"RICHARD III MISSED WITH HIS FIRST AND SECOND STICKS, BUT WITH HIS THIRD SMASHED THE PIPE."

"I should think she has," said Mme. Tussaud. "It cost enough."

"She must have paid no end of money for it." Mme. Tussaud smiled. "And, grimes! look at her jewels! Why, that sixteenth-century fan she is waving is worth a little fortune. Should n't I like to get hold of it! Wonder what she wants for it? D' you think she 'd sell it? I 'm a judge of those things, I am. You can't take *me* in, so you 'd better not try."

"I 'm your man, then. Trust me for never missing a chance. If I can get something for nothing, I get it."

"You *are* a clever one," said Mme. Tussaud.

"I rather flatter myself that I am," said Lorimer Grimweed, with a knowing look.

"Come along, then," said Mme. Tussaud, leading the way to the school-room. "Which of all those grand people do you like best?"

"Oh, I like that Richard III," he replied, with enthusiasm. "There 's something so kingly and noble about him."

"You have found that out, have you?"

"Could n't help finding it out. It is n't much that escapes *me*, you must know. I say — Miss Lyddy is a fine girl, is n't she?"

"She is a beautiful girl."

"Thank you, oh, thank you! We shall make a splendid couple. It 's no use her trying to wriggle out of it. I 've got old Scarlett under my thumb — under my thumb."

He sniggered and chuckled and rubbed his hands, and did not notice the look of strong aversion which Mme. Tussaud cast at him. By this time they had arrived at the school-room in which the gentlemen celebrities had slept. Mme. Tussaud handed Lorimer Grimweed a key.

"It is the key of that closet," she said. "Please unlock it."

Burning with curiosity, he put the key in the lock. What did the closet contain? Jewels, treasures, perhaps, which she wished him to buy? If so, he would drive a sharp bargain. The idea that he would not be able to outwit this little old woman in a poke-bonnet made him laugh.

He turned the key slowly. Something was pushing against the door, something heavy. In his impatience, Lorimer Grimweed pulled the door wide open — and the next moment he was rolling on the floor, with the inanimate form of the Headsman on top of him.

"Here, I say!" he screamed, "what are you up to, don'tcherknow? Oh, grimes! I 'm being smothered. Take him off — take him off!"

Choking with laughter, Mme. Tussaud touched the Headsman with her magic cane, and he rose majestically to his feet and picked up his ax.

Lorimer Grimweed raised himself into a sitting posture, and with wild eyes stared at the effigy. The gruesome appearance of the masked man struck terror to his soul.

"It is only a person I locked up in the cupboard for misbehavior," said Mme. Tussaud.

"Why does he — why does he — carry an ax?" asked Lorimer Grimweed, in a trembling voice. "He — he looks like an executioner."

"He *is* an executioner. I bring him with me to keep people in order."

"Oh, do you!" said Lorimer Grimweed, scrambling hastily to his feet. "Perhaps I am in the way, and I would n't wish to be that, you know. If you 'll excuse me, I 'll join the ladies and gentlemen on the lawn."

So saying, he hurried away. Never in his life had he run so fast.

While this scene was being enacted, every one else in the house and grounds was playing or working most zealously. Lucy and Lydia and Harry Bower and Tom Thumb cut oceans of flowers, which were carried into the house, and tastefully arranged by the maids and Miss Pennyback. All the best china and glass had been brought out, all the best table-cloths and serviettes, all the best cutlery, and all the silver. It would have done your heart good to see the kitchen, where the Marchioness of Barnet and Polly and Maria were bristling with enthusiasm. Belinda took things more calmly; nothing surprised her. Sir Rowley and Flip of the Odd were the busiest of the busy, ordered about here, there, and everywhere by everybody, and obeying with cheerful alacrity. Mr. Scarlett got out his best wine, and bustled up and down in great good humor; and Lucy and Lydia were in a perfect glow of anticipation. But once, for a moment only, Lydia's spirits drooped, it must be confessed, and she said confidentially to Lucy:

"I seem to be happy, Lucy dear, and so do you; but I don't know if we ought to be — for, oh, Lucy! how is it all going to end?"

"In wedding bells, you darling," answered Lucy, throwing her arms round Lydia's neck, "in wedding bells! Listen! Don't you hear them? Ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong!"

"You dear, you darling!" said Lydia.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT LONDON THOUGHT OF IT.

WHILE Marybud Lodge was in a ferment at these extraordinary proceedings, all London was in a ferment of another kind. No sooner were the gates of the exhibition opened than

the newspapers came out with great head-lines in the very boldest type:

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY

IN

MME. TUSSAUD'S

WORLD-RENOWNED EXHIBITION!!

THE MOST THRILLING AND AMAZING

MYSTERY ON RECORD!!!

MME. TUSSAUD VANISHED!

HER CELEBRITIES GONE!!

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THEM?

HUMAN BEINGS IN THE PLACE OF WAX!!!

ARE THEY ALIVE, OR NOT?

Throughout the whole of the day newsboys were tearing about the streets like mad, screaming at the top of their voices:

"Speshul! Speshul! The great Baker Street mystery! Disappearance of 'Enerythe Heighth! 'Orrible discoveries! Queen Elizabeth missing! Latest edition, with all the hastounding news! Mysterious escape of Mary Queen of Scots! The great Baker Street mystery! Speshul! Speshul!"

Every newspaper in London issued a fresh edition every half-hour or so, and the papers could not be printed fast enough, so delirious was the demand for them. North, south, east, and west, nothing else was spoken or thought of but the amazing, the astounding, the bewildering Baker Street mystery. Business on the Stock Exchange was suspended; nobody went to the races; a holiday was given to all the school-children; tradesmen might as well have shut up their shops; servants neglected their household work, and their mistresses could not remain in the house. Everybody asked everybody else, What has become of the missing celebrities? Where are they? How did they get out? How did the others get in? What will be the ultimate fate of the human

beings now occupying the places of the missing wax effigies in Mme. Tussaud's famous exhibition? And no one who asked the questions had the slightest expectation of receiving a satisfactory reply. It was, indeed, like a Lord Mayor's day in London. From every nook and corner in the metropolis people were wending their way to Baker Street station, and so great was the crush between the Marble Arch and Regent's Park that large squads of police were appointed to regulate the traffic and preserve order.

As for the exhibition itself, it was literally besieged, and, as Mme. Tussaud had predicted, all the previous records of attendances were thrown completely in the shade. Every person connected with the great show was interviewed again and again, those most in request being the night-watchmen and the firemen. They positively declared that not a soul except themselves had been in the place from the moment of its closing at night to the moment of its opening in the morning; that nothing had been removed from the building, and nothing conveyed into it, during those hours; that they had not slept a wink the whole of the night, and had not for a single moment relaxed their vigilance. To these statements they unflinchingly adhered, and, despite the facts that stared them in the face, no arguments could shake them. They were respectable, steady men, and were as much confounded by what had taken place as all London was.

But if they could throw no light upon it, who could? People were literally stupefied. The newspapers were unanimous in declaring that the astounding Baker Street mystery was without parallel in the annals of journalism, and the public hung with breathless interest upon the smallest detail that had the remotest connection with it. The ordinary detective gazed open-mouthed at the spectacle; the scientific mind was bewildered.

The excitement spread into the most exclusive quarters, and the thoroughfares leading to Mme. Tussaud's were wedged with fashionable carriages. In the course of the afternoon way was made for the Lord Mayor, who, in his state carriage and robes, and followed by the sheriffs and aldermen in *their* state carriages

and robes, paid a visit to the exhibition; and an hour later it was with the greatest difficulty that the Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the royal family could reach the doors.

Perhaps the strangest feature in the mystery was the condition of the human beings who

Yard. Here was fresh sensation for the newspapers.

The most eminent medical men were called in and were allowed to make their tests. Then they held a consultation. Then they made more tests. Then they held another consultation. Then they issued a bulletin, which was

thus editorially commented upon in one of the daily papers:

It will be a satisfaction to the relatives of the human beings now standing transfixed in Mme. Tussaud's exhibition to learn that a council of the most eminent physicians and scientists in the country has come to the conclusion that those persons are *not defunct*. So far as can be ascertained at present, it is stated to be a case of suspended animation, distinguished by features so peculiar that it is regarded as the strangest case in the records of medical science. Further consultations will be held and further bulletins issued from time to time.

Later editions of the papers stated that the electric current had been applied to the rigid figures, but that the results obtained could only be described as ludicrous.

The next supremely interesting question was, How long would



"IN HIS IMPATIENCE, LORIMER GRIMWEE FULLED THE DOOR WIDE OPEN — AND THE NEXT MOMENT HE WAS ROLLING ON THE FLOOR."

had been petrified, so to speak, by Mme. Tussaud's magic cane, and who now stood, stiff and motionless and bereft of sense, for all the world to gaze upon.

The question to be decided was, Were they alive or dead? If they were dead there had been fourteen ruthless murders committed. Here was work for the criminal lawyers and the learned judges. Here was work for Scotland

these human beings remain in their helpless state? If they were incapable of partaking of food,—as was declared to be the case,—what period of time would elapse before life departed from their bodies? To this they replied, Time will show, but it could not be expected that any one would be satisfied with such an answer.

Other complications followed. The relatives of the unfortunate persons demanded that the

figures should be given up to them. The proprietors of the exhibition refused, and the eminent medical men declared it would not be safe to move the figures. They shook their heads and said they would not answer for the consequences. And when the relatives said, "But what business is it of yours?" they continued to shake their heads, and replied, "Oh, but you should n't talk like that!"

The relatives were furious. Off they rushed to the lawyers, who took down hundreds of

celebrities. And everybody who read these bills rushed off to the exhibition and paid shillings at the doors. And at all the railway stations and all the ports, regiments of detectives were on the watch, so that the celebrities should not escape from the kingdom either by land or by water.

The amounts of the rewards offered varied considerably: £100 each for Queen Elizabeth, Henry VIII, Richard I, Richard III, Charles II, and Mary Queen of Scots; £60 each for



"ARMIES OF BILL-POSTERS WENT ALL THROUGH LONDON AND POSTED ON THE WALLS IMMENSE BILLS OFFERING REWARDS FOR THE RETURN OF THE MISSING CELEBRITIES."

law-books, and for days they hunted through them for precedents. Then they wrote hundreds of tiresome lawyers' letters, at six shillings and eightpence each, commencing, "We are instructed by our clients, So-and-so and So-and-so, to demand," etc.

Then armies of bill-posters went all through London and posted on the walls immense bills offering rewards for the return of the missing

Cromwell and Loushkin; £50 each for Guy Fawkes, Tom Thumb, and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe; £25 for Houqua, the Chinaman; £15 for the Executioner; and £250 for Mme. Tus-saud.

"Aha!" said Mme. Tussaud to herself, when she ran her eye over this scale of rewards. "The great British public knows my value. It pays me proper respect."

In these bills, which were printed in red, yellow, and black, with the royal coat of arms at the top, special announcement was made that

the rewards were only for the *bodies* of the missing celebrities, their clothing, accoutrements, decorations, and jewels being far too valuable for appraisement; and it was declared that any person or persons found in possession of any of these adornments would be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law.

The offer of the rewards was printed in later editions of the newspapers, which Harry Bower went out from time to time to obtain, and much of what was printed was imparted by Mme. Tussaud to her celebrities. It occasioned a good deal of jealousy. Mme. Sainte Amaranthe said she did n't care a bit that she was rated lower than Mary Queen of Scots—but it was

evident she did; and Cromwell wanted to know why he was valued at £40 less than the tyrant kings.

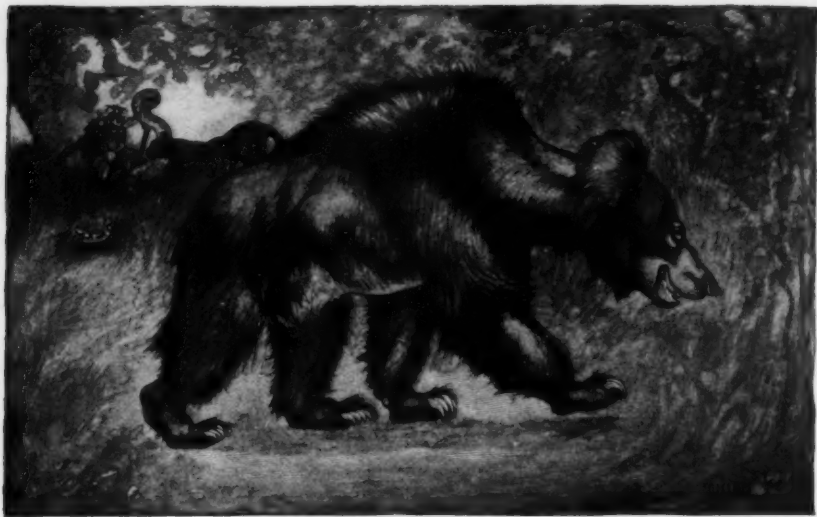
The full particulars of the unprecedented excitement created by the mystery, not only in England, but in all parts of the world, may be found in a special account of the affair written by an eminent literary gentleman, and illustrated by a celebrated artist. An *édition de luxe*, published at a guinea (net), and limited to 150,000 copies, was sold out on the day of publication, and now commands high prices. If any of the readers of this story should succeed in obtaining a copy of this book they may indeed consider themselves very lucky.

(To be continued.)

AT GRANDPA'S FARM.



"COUSIN NELLY'S SCHOOL CLOSED YESTERDAY, AND SHE WILL BE HERE THIS AFTERNOON."



"BHALU"—THE INDIAN JUNGLE BEAR.

BY J. M. GLEESON.

FOR the wolf-boy Mowgli no more appropriate animal could have been adopted as playmate, guardian, and instructor than old Baloo, or Bhalu, the big black, hairy sloth-bear of India. Kaa, the python, making of his sinuous folds a jeweled hammock for his boyish playmate, is a fascinating companion; Bagheera, the black panther, satisfies completely our desire for something strong, beautiful, and terrible. But old Baloo, humming his sing-song sayings of the jungle-law like some old lama murmuring his prayers, gives to the picture the final touch of completeness.

And we feel, too, that he would foster the "naked cub," for his nature among his own people is one of affection; and because of his habits as an eater of fruits, roots, flowers, and honey he would find it very easy to give the boy a diet suitable for him.

Furthermore, owing to his size, and the custom among the "bear people" of carrying their young on their backs, he could not only assist his little comrade on the long marches, but would naturally do so, and that service is

one that Bagheera would never have thought of, even were he able to render it.

Kipling always speaks of Baloo as a *brown* bear, but the sloth-bear is really black; on his breast is a crescent-shaped line of white, and the long, powerful claws are like old ivory. His eyes are small even for a bear, dull and with a near-sighted expression; as a matter of fact he neither sees nor hears well, depending mainly on his sense of smell, which is wonderfully acute, enabling him to locate the nests of ants deep in the ground, or honey in the boles of dead trees. His power of suction is wonderful, and he depends largely upon it to extract the white ants, or termites, from their underground galleries.

I was once much amused while studying a splendid specimen of the sloth-bear owned by Mr. Frank Bostock. A keeper was passing his cage with an armful of bread, and just to tease the bear, who was fond of it, he held a loaf up for him to look at, keeping it about six inches from the bars of the cage. In vain old Baloo strained to reach the coveted

morsel with his long, curved claws; but he had another resource. Suddenly there was a mighty whiff, and the bread flew up against the bars, through which it was instantly dragged and at once devoured.

And that is the way he catches the ants. Discovering a colony, he scrapes away the earth with his feet until the entrances to the galleries are exposed; then, with a *whoof!* that can be heard a long way off, he blows away the dust, and with his marvelous powers of suction he draws out the ants from their deepest retreats, and they flow, a living stream, down his throat.

The sloth-bear does not hibernate, but hunts all the year round, lying down during the day in caves or crannies among the rocks. He travels over great stretches of country, sometimes alone, but just as often with two or three of his tribe. His pace is a quick shambling walk, with the head held low down; occasionally he breaks into a clumsy gallop which carries

him rapidly over the ground. To secure fruits or flowers he sometimes climbs trees; but he is not a skilful climber.

This species of bear has two and sometimes three cubs, which the female carries on her back until they are so large that there is no longer place there for them. They are most affectionate, playing and romping continually, and if one is injured the others run to him, uttering sympathetic cries. Sometimes this queer, good-natured animal will, for no apparent reason, lie in wait for man and attack him savagely, clawing and biting him, as if bent upon devouring him.

When captured young he is easily tamed and makes an amusing pet, rolling about and turning somersaults like a trained acrobat. He is a silent beast, save only for the humming, droning sounds indulged in by all bears at times.

His scientific name is *Melursus ursinus*, and by the natives of India he is called Bhalu.



TWO IS COMPANY,



BUT THREE IS A CROWD.



THE OWL AND THE LARK.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

Oh, the Owl and the Lark
 Went a-sailing after dark,
 And they boated and they floated down the river to the sea;
 On their mandolins they played,
 And such merry music made
 That the donkey in the distance fairly laughed aloud in glee.

The tide was ebbing fast,
 And the boat went drifting past;
 The donkey gave a whistle as he munched a thistle-bloom,
 And he said, "It 's my belief,
 They will surely come to grief,
 And the motion of the ocean will precipitate
 their doom."



The boat it sped along,
 And so merry was their song
 That the moon very soon wondered what the
 noise could be;
 Peeping over the horizon,
 She exclaimed, "Well, that 's surprisin'!
 Do those strangers know the dangers of this
 shiny, briny sea?"



Then the boat gave a lurch,
 The Lark wobbled on her perch;
 She was handlin' her mandolin, when overboard it went.
 But the Owl said, "Now, my dear,
 I will get it, never fear!"
 And with an oar he dashed and splashed to reach the instrument.

But, alas! the boat upset
 In the watery waves so wet,
 And both the quaking, shaking birds were dumped into the deep;
 The Owl was washed aground,
 But the little Lark was drowned,
 Which caused the Owl to yowl and howl, and moved the moon
 to weep.



HOW TEDDY HELPED.

By F. LOCKLEY, JR.

TEDDY's papa owns a large cattle-ranch. One summer there was a drought. The springs dried up, and the streams became trickling rills or disappeared altogether. The cattle wandered restlessly over the range in search of water. Teddy's father sent to the nearest town and had men come with steam-drills and iron pipes to bore an artesian well, so that there would always be plenty of water for the cattle. They bored down several hundred feet in hopes of finding an underground stream, but they could not do so, and had to give up the quest. They went away, taking their tools with them, but leaving — what greatly interested Teddy — a deep hole lined with iron pipe. He would take the board off the pipe and peer down, and then drop in a rock and see how many he could count before it struck the bottom.

One night after he had gone to bed he heard his papa talking to his mama. He said: "Last winter's blizzard killed scores of the cattle, and now this drought comes. They are suffering for water and better pasture. It is all outgo and no income. I don't know how long we can keep it up. In a few years Teddy will be old enough to help me, but I can't put a ten-year-old boy on the round-up, nor keep him all day in the saddle, looking after the cattle."

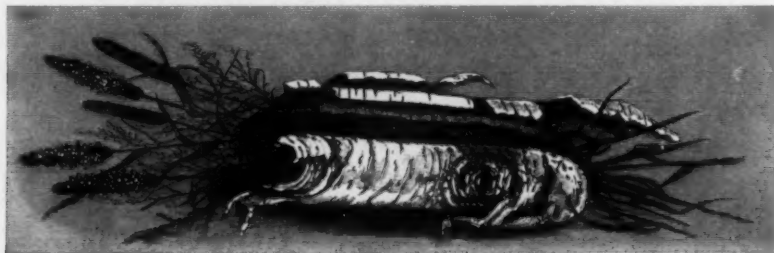
Teddy did lots of serious thinking during the next few days. How he wished he could help his papa in some way! And the opportunity came in a way Teddy least expected. One day he walked over to where the men had bored for the artesian well. He peered into it, but it

was as black as night. He gathered a handful of long, dry prairie-grass, rolled it in a small piece of birch bark in which he had placed a piece of rock, lighted it, and dropped it down the well. Then he put his face close to the edge and watched it blaze as it fell down and down.

Suddenly a long red column of flame leaped upward with a rushing noise. Before Teddy had time to pull his head away, the force of the explosion sent him rolling over and over away from the mouth of the well. The flame shot high up and blazed fiercely for a moment or two. Teddy was terribly frightened. His eyes smarted, and he could see a bright red flame dancing before him in whichever direction he looked. With scorched hat and singed hair, he ran home as fast as he could. He told his papa what had happened. His papa went to the well, and when he came back he said, "Teddy, my boy, I think your accident is going to make our fortune. Our well has tapped a small vein of natural gas, and I think if we go deeper we shall strike oil."

So the well-diggers came out again and resumed drilling. Before long they came down to the oil. The oil came rushing out faster than they could save it. Teddy's papa sold the oil-well to an oil company for a good price, and with the money he bought a ranch in another State where there was plenty of pasture and water, and shipped his cattle to the new ranch.

Teddy is learning all he can about managing a cattle-ranch, because when he is old enough his father is going to take him in as a partner.



A Rhyming Riddle



The Mighty Explorers

By John Ernest McCann

Dicky and Tommy, one fine night in June,
Walked out, to see t'other side of the moon

* * * * *

Not a word! not a sound! it was very late—
Between a quarter to eight and eight!
They went along till they reached a brook,
When Dicky whispered to Tommy, "Look!"
There in the brook, as it sang its rune,
Was the glowing other side of the moon!

* * * * *

They planned in bed, till the clock struck ten,
How they'd look up Africa, when they were men!





LITTLE MOLLY'S DREAM; OR, AN IDEAL PARK.

BY EMILIE POULSSON.

"I DREAMED," said little Molly,
With face alight
And voice awe-filled yet joyous,
"I dreamed last night

"That I went 'way off somewhere,
And there I found
Green grass and trees and flowers
All growing round.

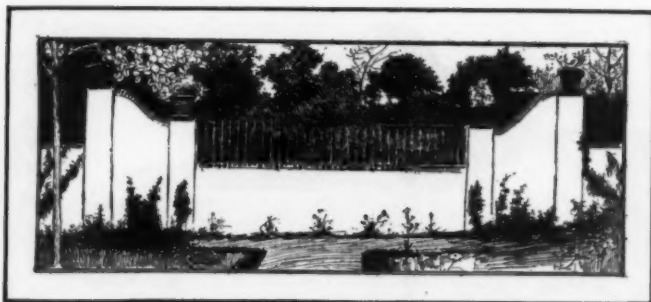
"And all the signs, wherever
We had to pass,

Said: 'Please' (yes, really truly)
'Keep *on* the grass'!

"And in the beds of flowers
Along the walks,
Among the pinks or pansies
Or lily stalks,

"Were signs: 'Pick all the flowers
You wish to,' child;
And I dreamed that the policeman
Looked down and smiled!"





A LEAF FROM THE PAST.

IN the early part of the last century there were fewer factories in this country than now, and many things were made by hand which to-day are the work of machinery. This was especially true of the braid for straw hats. Rye straw was commonly used, although wheat was also in demand. But the rye straw had longer stems and was more easily handled.

In driving along country roads, in Massachusetts particularly, late in the summer one would see great bundles of the straw hanging on the fences to dry. When the sun and wind had done their share of the work, it was placed in casks where sulphur was burning until it was bleached to a pale yellow. Then it was split into narrow widths suitable for braiding.

The daughters of farmers did not have many pennies of their own in those days, and all were eager to earn money by braiding straw. Every little while men would pass through the villages, calling from house to house and buying the straw braid. They paid two cents a yard for it.

"District school" was in session only six months of the year—the rest of the time the children helped their mothers with the housework. When that was done they took up their braids for amusement and occupation. So much a day every girl expected to do as her daily "stint." She would carry it down by the brook or up in the apple-tree when the summer days were long; or during the stormy hours of winter she would go with it to the old attic where the swing hung from the cobwebbed rafters. But all the time her fingers must work

busily, lest the men should call for the braids and find them unfinished.

The factories where the straw was sewed were in the large towns. The simplest hats were of the braids alone. More elaborate ones had a fancy cord, also of plaited straw, sewed on the edge of the braid. This cord was made by the old ladies. Grandmothers and great-aunts whose eyes were too dim to sew would take their balls of straw with them on neighborhood calls. While they chatted together, their hands would be weaving the yellow strands in and out, fashioning the dainty cord.

The price paid for the cord was only half a cent a yard, but this was better than nothing to those dames of a by-gone generation.

A poor country girl would begin to think of her hat from the time of seed-sowing. All summer she would watch the billowy grain. When it was gathered and only the empty stalks were left, she would tie them into bundles and hang them in some sheltered nook to dry. Bleaching, splitting, and braiding—these she did all herself.

When the braids were finished and sent to the factory, how impatiently she waited! Perhaps grandma contributed some of the cord she had made last winter that the new hat might be more beautiful. At last the hat came home, and then what tryings on there were before the old gilt-framed mirror in the parlor! How lovingly its owner handled it as she placed it this way or that on her curly head. Oh, a new straw hat was indeed a thing well worth having in those days of the long ago.

Adele H. Baldwin.



"YES, RAFFLES, I'VE HAD TO TIE YOU, BUT IT'S ONLY FOR A MINUTE. SO PLEASE SIT STILL AND LOOK PLEASANT!"

FUN AMONG THE RED BOYS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.



VARIOUS as are the customs of the Indians, it is their savage, warlike natures that we are most apt to remember. Few of us, in fact, ever think of Indian children at all, except at the sight of a picture of them. Little has been told or written about the boy and girl red folk, and it would puzzle most of my readers to say what they suppose these children of nature look like, or do to amuse themselves, or how they are brought up. It will astonish most city people to hear that red children are very like white children, just as a lady who was out on the plains a few years ago

was astonished to find that they had skins as smooth and soft as any lady's—no, smoother and softer than that: as delicate and lovely as any dear little baby's here in New York. This lady was visiting the Blackfeet in my company, and she was so surprised, when she happened to touch one little red boy's bare arm, that she went about pinching a dozen chubby-faced boys and girls to make herself sure that all their skins were like the coats of ripe peaches to the touch.

Whether the Indians really love their children, or know what genuine love or affection is, I cannot say; but they are so proud and careful of their little ones that it amounts to the same thing so far as the youngsters are concerned. Boy babies are always most highly prized, because they will grow up into warriors.

The little that is taught to Indian boys must seem to them much more like fun than instruction. They must hear the fairy stories and

the gabble of the medicine-men or conjurors, "just grow," like Topsy, and are as emotional and fanciful and wilful as any very little white child ever was. They never get over being so. The older they grow to be, the older children they become, for they are all very much like

spoiled children as long as they live.

The first Indians I ever saw, outside of a show, were boys at play. They were Onondagas, on their reservation near Syracuse, New York. They were big boys of from sixteen to twenty years old, and the game they were playing was "snow-snakes." The earth was covered with snow, and by dragging a stout log through this covering they had made a narrow gutter or trough about 500 or 700 feet long. Each youth had his snow-snake, which is a stick about eight feet long, and shaped something like a spear. All the snow-snakes were alike, less than an inch wide, half an inch thick, flat on the under side, rounded on top, and with a very slight turn upward at the point to suggest a serpent's head. The "snakes" were all smoothed and of heavy hard wood.

The game was to see



ONONDAGA INDIAN BOYS PLAYING AT
"SNOW-SNAKES."

They learn not to be impudent to any one stronger and bigger than themselves; they learn how to track animals and men, how to go without food when there is not any, how to eat up all there is *at once* when any food is to be had, how to ride and shoot and run and paddle, and smoke very mild tobacco. As for the rest, they

who could send his the farthest along the gutter in the snow. The young men grasped their snakes at the very end, ran a few steps, and shot the sticks along the trough. As one after another sped along the snow, the serpent-like heads kept bobbing up and down over the rough surface of the gutter precisely like so

many snakes. I bought a snow-snake, but, though I have tried again and again, I cannot get the knack of throwing it.

But I have since seen Indian boys of many tribes at play, and one time I saw more than a hundred and fifty "let loose," as our own children are in a country school-yard at recess. To be sure, theirs is a perpetual recess, and they were at home among the tents of their people, the Canada Blackfeet, on the plains, within sight of the Rocky Mountains. The smoke-browned teepees, crowned with projecting pole-ends, and painted with figures of animals and with gaudy patterns, were set around in a great circle, and the children were playing in the open, grassy space in the center. Their fathers and mothers were as wild as any Indians, except one or two tribes, on the continent, but nothing of their savage natures showed in these merry, lively, laughing, bright-faced little ragamuffins. At their play they laughed and screamed and hal-

loed. Some were running foot races, some were wrestling, some were on the backs of scampering ponies; for they are sometimes put on horseback when they are no more than three years old. Such were their sports, for Indian boys play games to make them sure of aim, certain of foot, quick in motion, and supple in body, so that they can shoot and fight and

ride and hunt and run well. To be able to run fast is a necessary accomplishment for an Indian. What they call "runners" are important men in every tribe. They are the messen-



"YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THE STAMPEDE THAT FOLLOWED THE SIGNAL, 'GO!'"

ger men, and many a one among them has run a hundred miles in a day. They cultivate running by means of foot races. In war they agree with the poet who sang:

"For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day";

and afterward, if they were taken prisoners, they had a chance for life, in the old days, if they

could run fast enough to escape their captors and the spears and bullets of their pursuers.

A very popular game that attracted most of the Blackfeet boys was the throwing of darts, or little white hand-arrows, along the grass. The game was to see who could throw his arrow farthest in a straight line. At times the air was full of the white missiles where the boys were playing, and they fell like rain upon the grass.

In another part of the field were some larger boys with rude bows with which to shoot these same darts. These boys were playing a favorite Blackfeet game. Each one had a disk or solid wheel of sheet-iron or lead, and the game was to see who could roll his disk the farthest, while all the others shot at it to tip it over and bring it to a stop. The boys made splendid shots at the swift-moving little wheels, and from greater distances than you would imagine.

They play with arrows so frequently that it is no wonder they are good marksmen; yet you would be surprised to see how frequently they bring down the birds, rabbits, and gophers which abound on the plains. The houses of these plump little drab-colored creatures are holes in the turf, and as you ride along the plains you will see them everywhere around, sitting up on their haunches with their tiny fore paws held idle and limp before them, and their bead-like, bright eyes looking at you most trustingly—until you come just so near, when pop! suddenly down goes little Mr. Gopher in his hole. You may be sure the Indian boys find great sport in shooting at these comical little creatures. But the boys take a mean advantage of the fact that the restless gophers cannot stay still in one place any great length of time. When one pops into a hole it is only for a minute, and during that minute the Indian boy softly and deftly arranges a snare around the hole, so that when the gopher pops up again the snare can be jerked and the animal captured.

We gave the boys in the Blackfeet camp great sport by standing at a distance of a hundred yards from all of them and offering a silver quarter to whichever boy got to us first. You should have seen the stampede that followed the signal, "Go!" Blankets were dropped, moccasins fell off, boys stumbled and others

fell atop of them, their black locks flew in the breeze, and the air was noisy with yelling and laughter.

These boys spin tops, but their "top-time" is the winter, when snow is on the ground and is crusted hard. Their tops are made of lead or some other metal, and are mere little circular plates which they cover with red flannel and ornament with tiny knots or wisps of cord all around the edges. These are spun with whips and look very pretty on the icy white playgrounds. Nearly all Indian boys play ball, but not as we do, for their only idea of the game is the girlish one of pitching and catching. All their games are the simplest, and lack the rules which we lay down to make our sports difficult and exciting.

The boys of the Papago tribe in the Southwest have a game which the fellows in Harvard and Yale would form rules about, if they played it, until it became very lively indeed. These Indian boys make dumb-bells of woven buckskin or rawhide. They weave them tight and stiff, and then soak them in a sort of red mud which sticks like paint. They dry them, and then the queer toys are ready for use. To play the game they mark off goals, one for each band or "side" of players. The object of each side is to send its dumb-bells over to the goal of the enemy. The dumb-bells are tossed with sticks that are thrust under them as they lie on the ground. The perverse things will not go straight or far, and a rod is a pretty good throw for one. The sport quickly grows exciting, and the players are soon battling in a heap, almost as if they were playing at football.

These are games that will not wear out while there are Indian boys to play them. On the oldest reservations, where even the grandfathers of the Indians now alive were shut up and fed by their government, the boys still play the old games. But wherever one travels to-day, even among the wildest tribes, a new era is seen to have begun as the result of the Indian schools, and Indian boys are being taught things more useful than any they ever knew before. The brightest boys in the various tribes are selected to be sent to these schools, and it is hoped that what they learn will make all the others anxious to imitate white men's ways.



THE LITTLE DUKE OF DORSET.

BY MARGARET JACKSON.

ON the same day (June 8, 1567) on which the Duke of Norfolk knighted Queen Elizabeth's kinsman, Thomas Sackville, she caused him to be raised to the peerage as Baron Buckhurst of Buckhurst, in Sussex. A year before this time she had given him the Manor of Knole in Kent, with its old house, which was built in part some three hundred years before. He did not, however, obtain full possession of his property until many years later (1603), and in the same year he ceased to be simply Baron Buckhurst, for James I then created him Earl of Dorset. He at once set to work to rebuild part of the house, and, by employing two hundred workmen for two years, completed the task. It is this house which stands to-day in its beautiful park, one of the most famous of the manor-houses of England. It covers four acres of ground, and with its many wonders—its fifty-two staircases (one for each week of the year), its three hundred and sixty-five rooms (one for each day), its five hundred and forty windows, its recently discovered priest's cell—many of the readers of *St. Nicholas* are familiar, for Vita Sackville-West has aroused a new interest in her home by her letter, printed in the *League* in the issue of November, 1902. Her father, Lord Sackville, who was British minister to the United States, 1881–1888, is the present owner of Knole Park.

There is no Duke of Dorset now, for the last time that the title descended from father to son was more than a hundred years ago, in 1799, when George John Frederick Sackville found himself (by the death of his father), *at the age of five*, fourth Duke of Dorset, being also Earl of Dorset, Earl of Middlesex, Baron Buckhurst of Buckhurst, and Baron Cranfield of Cranfield. Rather a heavy load for one

small boy to carry! For he *was* a boy like other boys, even if he came to a dukedom and ranked next to a prince before ever he had come to a knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic.

He grew up in the beautiful county of Kent, known as the "Garden of England," and we can imagine him playing with his little sisters, Mary and Elizabeth, among the stately beeches of Knole Park—perhaps, too, playing at hide-and-seek in those three hundred and sixty-five rooms, which all belonged to him. Later he went to school at Harrow, and to college at Oxford. He must have been clever, for his university gave him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law before he was twenty years old, and very few people (and most of those gray-haired) can write "D.C.L. Oxon." after their names nowadays. He must also have been popular, for he was a lieutenant-colonel and the commandant of the militia of Sevenoaks (the nearest town to Knole) at the same age.

There has been very little recorded of his short early life, and there was, alas! no later life to chronicle. At the age of twenty-one he was killed by a fall from his horse in the hunting-field, when on a visit to his mother in Ireland. The title went to his cousin, who was the fifth and last Duke of Dorset.

Thus George John Frederick never lived to gain the fame of his great ancestor, the poet and statesman, the first Earl of Dorset.

As far as we are concerned, all knowledge of him might have lain buried in the old leather-bound books of the peerage in an alcove of some remote library, had it not been for John Hoppner, formerly a German chorister boy at the Chapel Royal, whom George III encouraged to learn to paint, and who became, through the



GEORGE JOHN FREDERICK SACKVILLE, FOURTH DUKE OF DORSET.

From the painting by Hoppner. Reproduced through the courtesy of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the owner of the original painting.

patronage of the Prince of Wales, portrait-painter to many of the noble families of England. Hoppner painted the portrait which is reproduced in the above picture. It found its way from Knole into the galleries of Buckhurst, in Sussex, the seat of the Earl of Delawarr

and formerly the home of Elizabeth, Baroness Buckhurst, the younger sister of the little duke. Mr. Andrew Carnegie spent some time at Buckhurst recently, saw the picture, and purchased it. By his permission it has been reproduced for St. NICHOLAS.



A SPARROW'S NEST IN A LION'S MOUTH.

BY GEORGE W. PICKNELL.

NOT all of the delights of spring are for the country boy. We who live in the city have a host of them, and can see many a strange and pleasing sight if we keep our eyes open. A few days ago, while riding my bicycle down Madison Avenue, I heard the twittering of sparrows, and, looking up, saw in the mouth of the stone lion on the corner of the building of one of the city's prominent clubs, the remains of a last year's nest, and two sparrows getting ready to build a new one for this year. It was such a novel place for a bird to choose for housekeep-

ing that I stopped and made a sketch of it. While standing on the opposite corner sketching, the policeman of that "beat" came over to talk with me. He seemed pleased that I should have noticed the birds. He said that the sparrows had been keeping house there for several years. He had often stopped to watch them build their nests, and later feeding their little ones. These birds would play around the lion's head, sitting on his nose or eyebrows as saucily as could be, as much as to say: "You may *look* very fierce, but—WHO 'S AFRAID?"



A PIGMY PASSENGER TRAIN.

BY GERALD WINSTED.

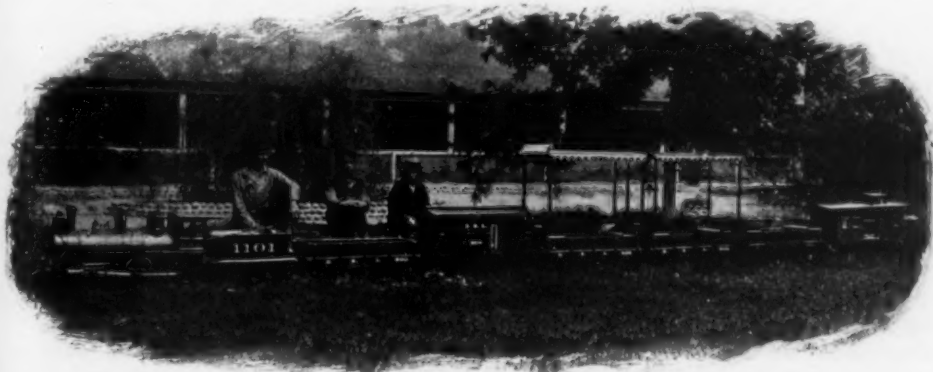
VISITORS to the Trans-Mississippi Exposition in Omaha in 1898, and to the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo in 1901, will recall seeing a miniature engine and train that, in spite of its small size, was in daily service in carrying passengers around the circuit of its diminutive railroad track. It was John W. Shriver, a young man partially crippled, who conceived the idea of building this small engine, and he did all the work of construction himself.

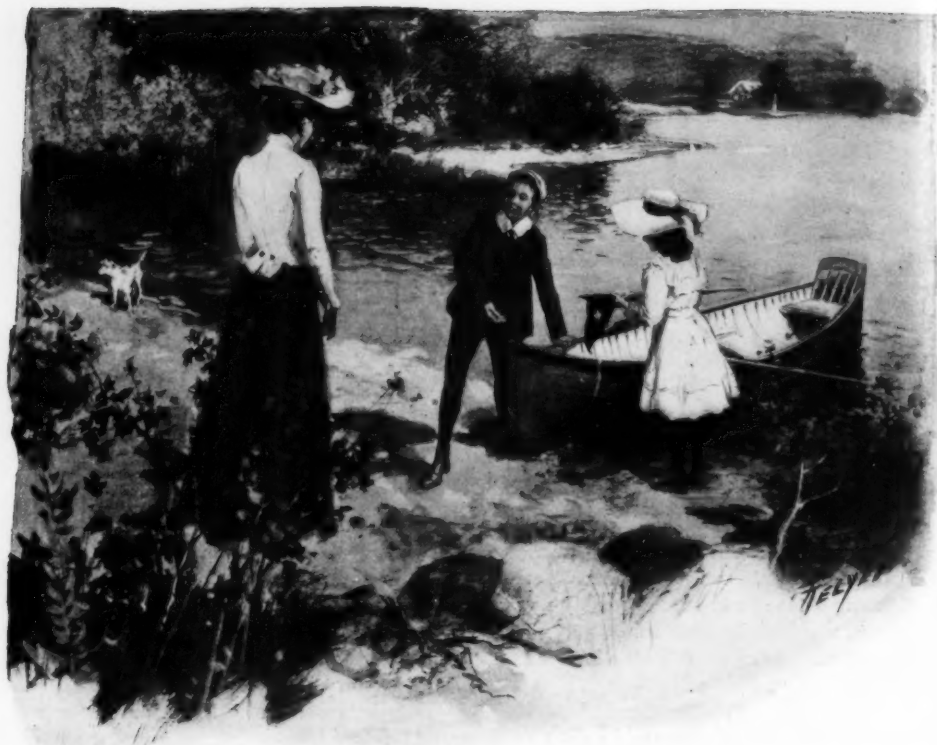
The engine weighed four hundred and fifty pounds; its length, with tender, was but six feet seven and a half inches, and the driving-wheels were but eight inches in diameter. And yet it hauled six observation-cars, in each of which two

children could be comfortably seated. The entire train, consisting of engine, tender, four observation-cars, one box-car, and a caboose, was but an even twenty feet in length.

The engine carried six gallons of water in the tender-tank and five in the boiler, which furnished steam to propel it for two hours. Coal was shoveled from the tender in the same manner as on the larger engines. In fact, the little engine was complete in miniature in every detail.

Contrary to what one would think from its small size, Mr. Shriver said that this engine would haul a load of two thousand pounds (or one ton) on a level straight track at a running rate of twelve miles an hour.





THE LAUNCHING OF THE WATER KELPIE.

WHAT ANOTHER SUMMER BROUGHT TO DENISE AND NED TOODLES.

BY GABRIELLE E. JACKSON.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SUNSET HOUR.

THE library windows stood open, and the soft little June winds played "peep" with the lace curtains, swaying them in and out, and letting the rose-laden air slip into the room. Outside the setting sun cast long slanting rays upon the lawn and foliage before it slipped away behind the hills to carry the promise of a new day to other lands. Within the library all was wonderfully peaceful and quiet. It was a very attractive room, pervaded with the home atmosphere

that only a much-used, well-loved room can possess.

As the clock announced the hour of five, a stately pad, pad came stalking across the piazza, and a second later Sailor's great head pushed aside the curtains and he looked into the room. That no one was visible did not seem to concern him in the least, for, walking over to the fur rug which lay upon the floor beside the couch, he stretched himself at full length upon it, and lay there with his head raised in a listening attitude. Pat, pat, pat, came the sound of small hurrying feet through the hall, and in ran

The letter was barely finished when the whistle of the incoming train told that Mr. Lombard would be with them presently, and by the time mother and daughter had reached the entrance to the grounds, with two dogs and two cats as body-guard, Sunshine and Flash came spinning along the road, and neighed aloud as Denise called out: "Oh, papa! papa! here we are!" Mr. Lombard stepped from the carriage at the gate, and, slipping an arm about his wife and sunny little daughter, walked with them toward the house, the dogs and cats crowding about him and claiming the notice which they never claimed in vain. The peace of all the world lay upon that home.

CHAPTER V.

"OH, WE 'LL SAIL THE OCEAN BLUE!"

"GOOD-BY, Hinky-Dinky; we 'll come back before long!" Denise called out to Hart, who had just crawled through the opening in the hedge.

"The old boat did n't come anyway, Snipen-frizzle," shouted Hart, as the carriage rolled out of the grounds. "It won't be out till to-night, papa says. There was something missing for the rudder. Good-by!" And he waved his hat.

After purchasing a generous supply of good things for Mary, Mrs. Lombard and Denise drove to the little cottage in which she lived, and made the poor woman happy for the whole morning. Twelve o'clock had struck upon the town clock, indeed, before the call was completed, and Denise was as happy as Mary herself in seeing the joy that Mrs. Lombard brought to her.

Upon the way home Denise spied some circus posters, and was at once filled with a desire to see the circus, for anything in which horses were introduced was bliss unalloyed for her.

"They will be here on the 7th!" she cried, "the very day that *Pokey* will come! Oh, mod-die, how splendid! We can go, can't we? Papa will surely take us."

"We 'll see—we 'll see," answered Mrs. Lombard, with the expression which Denise knew to mean "yes."

For the next few days Denise could hardly think of anything else, and no suspicion of the

startling events which would take place ere that circus passed out of her life ever entered her head.

Hart was waiting for them at the turn of the road, and Pinto and Ned exchanged greetings with joyous neighs, and cantered along beside each other.

That evening the new boat was delivered at Mr. Murray's house. It was a fairy-like little craft, built of cedar and shining with its fresh varnish.

Without letting the children know it, Mrs. Lombard had made a fine silk flag and embroidered on it a white star. Then, to make the launching like a "really truly one," she bought a tiny bottle of ginger-ale, warranted to smash and sizzle in the most approved style.

Just after breakfast the next morning, Hart's face peeped in at the window, for boyish patience was stretched to the snapping-point.

"What is the boat to be named?" Mrs. Lombard asked on the way down to the river.

"I think we 'll call her the *Water Kelpie*," said Hart.

"How will this answer for the christening?" asked Mrs. Lombard, as she drew from the little bag she was carrying a bottle of ginger-ale, gaily decked with blue ribbons.

"Oh, I say! Are n't you just a trump!" cried Hart, surprised into genuine boyish praise. "That's a regular jim dandy, and Denise can smash it to smithereens. Quick, let's get her launched!"

The boat lay upon the beach at the water's edge. They let the bow rest upon land until the ceremony of christening it was ended. It took but a few seconds, and grasping the little bottle by its beribboned neck, Denise bent over the bow, saying: "I christen thee the *Water Kelpie*!" At the last word, SMASH! went the bottle, and a vigorous push from Hart sent the boat into the water, he singing at the top of his lungs, "Oh, we 'll sail the ocean blue!" and Mrs. Lombard joined in, adding:

"And may I have the honor of presenting to the captain of this beautiful craft the private signal which I hope will add to its attractions and wave to his glory as long as the vessel rides the waves?"

The shrieks of delight which greeted the

pretty flag when she unrolled it from its wrappings left her no doubt of its reception. It was mounted upon a slender cedar staff which fitted exactly the little socket in the stern.

Of course the captain was in duty bound to invite the donor of this splendid flag to accompany him upon his trial trip; and, taking her seat in the stern, with Beauty Buttons beside her, Denise up in the bow, and the captain "amidships," off they glided upon the calm river.

More than an hour was spent upon the water, and when they came ashore Mrs. Lombard felt entirely reassured, for Hart handled his oars like an "old salt," having rowed a great deal while at school.

CHAPTER VI.

POKEY AND A CIRCUS.

As she had waited just one year before, gaily decked in blue ribbons in honor of the occasion, Denise was now waiting again for her girl chum Pokey to arrive for her usual yearly visit.

She was somewhat taller, and that made her seem even more slender, but it was the same Pokey that stepped from the train into Denise's outstretched arms, and Ned Toodles greeted her with a cordial neigh.

"And what do you think!" cried Denise, when they were spinning along home, Ned occasionally joining in their conversation with a social whinny. "A circus is here, and papa is going to take us all to see it to-night. It is going to parade through the town at eleven, and as soon as we have seen mama and grandma, we'll drive up to the village and see it. It won't, of course, come down this way. Won't it be great fun!"

"You don't suppose Ned will try to do any of his tricks when he sees the other ponies, do you?" asked Pokey, for a year's or more acquaintance with Ned had not served to overcome her misgivings of that animal's wild pranks.

"Of course not! Why should he? Besides, he could n't while in harness," replied Denise, blissfully ignorant even yet of that little scamp's resources and determination to carry his point, once he set about doing so. Ned was never ugly or vicious, but well Denise knew that a good bit

of firmness was required upon her part when she wished to get him past the little store where chocolate creams were sold, and that it was always far wiser to choose another road if time pressed. But she was too loyal to her pet to betray his little weaknesses.

"My dear little girl, how delighted we are to have you with us again!" said Mrs. Lombard, as she gathered Pokey into her arms.

"Take her right out to the dining-room, deary, and have Mary fetch her a glass of cool milk and some little biscuits," said grandma.

On their way to the village to see the circus parade they were overtaken by Hart, mounted upon Pinto. Knowing that Pokey was about to arrive, he had kept at a safe distance till he could "size her up," as he put it; for his intercourse with girls had been decidedly limited, and he had no notion of plunging into an intimacy with one whom he had never seen before.

"She is n't much like Denise," was his mental comment; "but if Denise likes her so much she must be all right."

So now he rode up to the phaëton and was duly presented to Pokey by Denise, who said: "Pokey, this is my friend Hart Murray, and this is Elizabeth Delano, Hart, only we don't call her by her name once in a blue moon. She is our very own Pokey, and *he's* Hinky-Dinky," giving a laughing nod toward Hart.

"Yes, and *she's* Snipenfrizzle!" was the prompt retort.

"Well, we all know each other now," laughed Denise, and before another word could be spoken the sound of a band playing in the village just beyond caused all to exclaim, "Oh, they've started! they've started!" and to hurry forward as though that were the chief interest of the day. But upon Ned the effect of that band was certainly odd. It was playing "Marching through Georgia," and one might have supposed it to be his favorite air, for he began to prance and dance in perfect time to it.

"Do look at him! Do look at him!" cried Denise, clapping her hands with delight. "I believe he knows that march."

"Oh, let's get out," begged timid Pokey. "He acts as though he were crazy."

"Nonsense! he won't do anything but mark time," answered Denise, laughing. "I always

said he knew just everything, but I never supposed that he was a musician."

They were now just at the edge of the village, and at that moment the circus parade turned in from a side street which led out to the grounds where the tents were pitched. The streets were crowded as though the entire town had turned out to see the show, which doubtless it had, for Springdale in those days was a small place and circuses did not often tarry there.

It was, indeed, a gorgeous pageant which burst upon the children's sight, for in a splendid golden car blared and tooted a brass band, the musicians resplendent in red uniforms, and blowing as though their very lives depended upon it, and six handsome white horses pranced and curveted before it. Then came a pale-blue-and-gold chariot drawn by six of the dearest "calico" ponies one ever saw, and with whom Ned instantly claimed kinship with a regular rowdy "hello-yourself" neigh. Now you have all doubtless seen circus parades, and know all about the knights and fairies, beautiful horses with their gay riders, elephants, camels, wild animals and tame ones. But it is of one particular pony that we are to tell. All the time the parade was passing Ned kept up an incessant fidgeting, tugging at the reins, pawing the ground, shaking his head up and down, and only restrained from plunging headlong into the midst of it all by Denise's firm hand. Pinto stood beside the phaëton, but, save for a start of surprise when an exceptionally loud toot was blown, he behaved like a gentleman. The children were as close to the line of march as they well could be without the ponies' noses brushing the elephants' sides, and about half of the procession had passed when a magnificent black horse bearing upon his back the Grand High Mogul of the show came prancing along. This was the manager, so the posters announced, mounted upon "his splendid Sindbad the Great, the most wonderful performing horse in the world."

Just then the parade was obliged to halt for a moment or two, and the handsome horse and his rider stopped directly in front of the children. With a "hello—how-are-you—glad-to-make-your-acquaintance" air, Ned poked out his

muzzle and greeted Sindbad the Great. Sindbad, not to be outdone in politeness, put down his nose to meet little perky Ned's, and they held a second's whispered conversation—a conversation fraught with fatal results for Ned, as will be seen.

Now Sindbad's rider had a pair of eyes which just nothing escaped, and one sweeping glance took in every detail of pony, phaëton, and children.

Nodding pleasantly to them, he addressed Denise with:

"Fine little horse you've got there. Had him long? He does n't look very old."

"I've had him nearly two years. Indeed he *is* fine! There is n't another like him in all the world. He is not nine years old yet."

"Want to sell him?" asked the man.

"Well, I just guess *not*!" was the indignant reply.

"Live here?" was the next question; but Denise began to think that this bravely decked individual was decidedly curious, and hesitated before answering. Before she had made up her mind to do so, the parade moved on, and a few moments later the last donkey had passed. Then Ned took matters into his own hands, or rather his teeth, and did that which he had never done before since Denise had owned him. He positively refused to turn around and go home, and neither coaxing, threats, nor whip had the least effect upon him. Shake his head, back, paw, and act like a regular little scamp was all he would do, and at last, growing tired of trying to make her understand what he *did* want, he resolved to show her, and off he went, pelting ahead till he had overtaken the vanishing circus, wheeling aside to avoid those at the end, tearing along until he had overtaken the part of the parade in which Sindbad was still delighting all beholders, and then, neck-or-nothing, forcing his way, carriage, occupants, and all, right in behind that wily beast whose whisper had surely been: "Come on behind me and we'll cut a dash—see if we don't!"—or something to that effect.

Having achieved his object, Master Ned was triumphant, and no French dancing-master ever pirouetted and "showed off" for the admiration of all beholders as did this vain

little scrap of a beast as he danced along in perfect time to the band.

Pokey was very nearly reduced to a state of collapse, for Sindbad the Great was making the path before them rather lively, while just behind stalked a huge elephant, who now and again, by way of welcome to the ranks, gracefully flourished a wriggling trunk over the phaëton.

Denise's face was a study. Never before had she met with open rebellion upon Ned's part, and this first exhibition of it was certainly a very triumph. Although thoroughly frightened, she sat holding her reins for dear life, with no thought of deserting her post, while Pokey begged her piteously to "please drive home."

"Home! Don't you suppose I want to go there every bit as much as you do? But how *can* I when this little villain is acting so like time? I can't get out and leave him, can I?"

Then Hart came tearing alongside, shouting: "Hello, Snipenfrizzle! I'm off for home to

tell your mother that you've joined a circus, and the next time she sees you, you will be riding bareback! Good-by!" And with a wild whoop he pelted off down the road, Ned whinnying out after Pinto, "Oh, I'm having the time of my life!"

Then the funny side of the whole affair appealed to Denise and saved her from tears, and she began to laugh till she cried. Never say that animals do not know the different tones of the human voice! If others do not, Ned *did*, and that familiar laugh was the one thing wanting to complete his festive mood, and if he had cut shines before he simply outdid himself now, and not till he had followed that circus parade over the entire town did he decide that he had had enough excitement, and consent to go home. At half-past one he walked sedately up the driveway, and as John led him to his stable, he heaved a sigh which seemed to say, "Well, I've kicked over the traces for once in my life."

(To be continued.)



Plans for the Future.

"Creepy, Crawly, Caterpillar,
whither are you going?"
"Out into the fields, my dear,
where the green corn's growing."
"What will Caterpillar do
when the corn is red?"
"Why, I'll just crawl back again
to the Rhubarb-bed."

MAURICE CLIFFORD.

Avec un peu de Grâce



I was a tiny lad at school,
In France, the fair and far-away.
When first I learned a silver rule—
That still has served me to this day:
Our teacher dear was wont to say,
At spelling-time or dancing-class,
To lads astray, in disarray.—
"Voyons, avec un peu de grâce!"

I've seen a dear child play the fool.
For was it not a foolish way,
To hide behind the music stool
When asked by visitors to play?
I knew a boy who dropped a tray
That his fond mother bade him pass:
Might she not say, in some dismay,—
"Voyons, avec un peu de grâce"

Sometimes a man cannot keep cool,
When he has statements to convey,
But uses hand or arm as tool
To cut the air, a vain display!
My feelings I do not betray,
Yet thro' my brain these words will pass:
As I his floundering survey.—
"Voyons, avec un peu de grâce!"



REARING A WREN FAMILY.

By WILLIAM LOVELL FINLEY.

Illustrated with photographs from life by Herman T. Bohlman.

"WHY *should n't* a little wren have an enormous appetite?" I mused as I lay hidden in the tall grass watching the father as he fed the eldest of the family of five, that had flown for the first time from the nest in the hollow stump to the alder branches below. "Of course we must admit that the diminutive bobtailed youngster must possess the most rapid double-action digestive apparatus when we remember that he grows to maturity within two weeks from the day he was hatched. Therefore the chief object of his life must be to eat and sleep."

Wrens are interesting little chaps anyhow —

droll, fidgety little individuals, each with great self-esteem. My interest in a certain brown family had increased with every visit for a whole month. One picks up many acquaintances rambling about the hills, but, like people, some are more interesting than others, and acquaintanceship often warms into friendship as the days pass by.

While out birding in the latter part of June, I was trudging along up one of the shaded paths of the fir-covered Oregon hillsides, when a little bird whizzed headlong down in its tippling flight, barely dodging my head. Both

were rather flustered at this sudden and unexpected meeting. The moment's pause on an overhanging branch was sufficient for me to recognize the hurrying stranger as a Vigors's wren. But I hardly had time to see just what the small white parcel was she carried in her mouth. It might have been a white miller, which I imagined would soon be thrust uncereemoniously down a gaping throat. For all my strategy this little brown bird was too shrewd to show me her home.

The next day, however, I stole a march, and was well hidden in the bushes near to where I thought the nest must be, when the wren appeared. I hardly expected to escape that sharp round eye, and was prepared for the scolding that followed; in fact, I submitted rather joyously to it, without a word in reply. Perhaps I had no business there on the wren's busiest day. Regardless of all the harsh epithets hurled at me from the alder limb, I was too absorbed in gazing through my field-glass at an ugly piece of snake-skin the wren held in her mouth. Rather an uncanny mouthful, to be sure. The idea of a nestful of gaping mouths vanished from my vision as the brown body fidgeted about, with her tail over her back, and then whirled away to a large upturned root covered with vines. Here she hopped about in the tangle of brier and fern, apparently forgetful of my presence; but those sharp brown eyes, behind which are generations of care and cunning gained in contact with nature, are never heedless. Her action would have deceived any other creature, but I knew her too well; at the likeliest moment and in an eye's twinkling, she suddenly popped up into the dead body of an alder-tree and disappeared into a tiny round hole.

Wrens have traditions, and, like some people, are perhaps slightly superstitious. I was not sure that a Vigors's wren considered a bit of snake-skin the keystone to the arch of its snugly built home, but I do not remember ever examining the nest of its cousin, the Parkman's wren, and not finding this traditional bit of treasure. Maybe it is a matter of protection, for it is said a snake will not venture where the vestige of its own skin is found. Generations ago the ancestral wrens must have fought for

protection among the tribes of reptiles, until now the descendants never think of starting upon household duties without searching up the hill-sides, through the meadows, or back in the deep woods until the cast-off scaly coat of some snake is found and borne home in triumph as a hearthstone deity.

Almost every feathered creature has some interesting trait of protection. I have always found that the red-breasted nuthatch, after he has excavated his wooden home in some dead stump, never fails to collect a good supply of soft pitch, and plaster it religiously about the circled doorway of the log house.

Ever since I first discovered the wren building its home in the alder stub my interest had grown, and I was anxious to win its friendship, principally because most birds had finished nesting for the season. Why had the nest not been placed nearer the ground instead of at a distance of twelve feet, and why did they select such a dark, narrow home that I could hardly get a glimpse of the interior?

Experience had taught me not to try to win the affections of a bird too rapidly, especially at that season when household affairs were so engrossing. When I thought I could safely do so, I approached the nest rather cautiously and timidly and sat down in the tall ferns. It surprised me somewhat that neither parent scolded at my approach. After watching and waiting for almost half an hour and seeing neither wren, I became impatient and knocked gently on the tree-trunk to pay my respects to the brown head that might be thrust from the round door above. Again I knocked, and then a little harder. It's queer a wren cannot feel such an earthquake against the pillar of her home. I shook the tree vigorously. Could it be possible the home was deserted? Visions of all sorts of bird accidents flashed through my mind as I swung up into the branches and rapped at the round door. All was dark within; not even the white eggs could be seen. This was bad luck indeed, I thought. Then, with the aid of a little mirror that is always handy to examine dark crevices, I reflected a ray of light through the door to the innermost depths. There sat the mother, her brown back almost indistinguishable from the dry sides of the house, but those round



"CATCHING IN THE BRANCHES BELOW WHERE THE FATHER PERCHED."

dark eyes gleamed out from the gloom. Nor did she have any idea of deserting her post for all the shaking and knocking without.

When I visited the little wooden home the first week in July there was a decided turn in the tide of wren affairs. The news was heralded from the tree-tops. The energy that was used in keeping the secret of the little home a week previous was doubled in the eagerness to spread it among feathered neighbors far and wide. For two long weeks the mother and father had covered and caressed their five eggs of speckled white, until they suddenly teemed with inward life and five tiny bodies burst forth from the prison walls.

The father wren — it is often the case — was rather timid while we were around. He had a

particular fear and dislike for the great three-legged, one-eyed creature—my camera—that was hidden dragon-like so near his home. Birds have many enemies, and a nest is seldom left without its guard. We soon discovered that this was the father's duty. His harsh, scolding note, sounded from the surrounding boughs, always reminded us that we were trespassing.

It was the mother's duty to forage. Returning from the hunt with food, she whisked about with a "what-are-you-doing-here" look of inquiry. Although flustered somewhat at first by our presence, she soon came to regard us with an air of indifference. A moment's pause on her threshold, and into the round opening she would pop; then, as if amazed at the increasing appetites she had to appease, she would dart out and away for a new supply.

About the hillside and down along the little stream the mother searched continually the entire day for grubs. Each time returning, she would pause on the top of one of the trees near by and pipe her merry little trill. This note of home-coming the father never failed to hear, and it was he that always gave the response of "all 's well." I was amused to hear



"HIS FEATHERS RUFFLED UP IN ANGER AND AN ASTONISHED PEEP OF DISGUST ESCAPED HIS THROAT."

how readily the wrenlets learned to recognize the voice of their mother. Her song of arrival soon came to be answered by such a chorus of tiny cries from the round door that she could



"IN A FLASH BOTH WRENLETS WERE WIDE AWAKE AND ON THE TIPTOE OF EXPECTANCY."

not resist hurrying headlong to the nest. Several times, from my "rabbit's hole" in the bushes, I saw a song-sparrow stop on swaying limb and sing a song somewhat resembling that of the wren, but the children in the wooden home knew not the song, and, true to their parents' teachings, remained quiet while the doughty father darted out and drove the intruder from the premises.

On July 23 I wrote in my note-book: "This morning I was surprised to see two little brown heads as I gazed through my field-glass at the round nest-hole." But how could I ever get pictures of the wren nestlings if they were to remain continually within those protected wooden walls?

For some reason the father stormed and scolded more than usual on my next visit. He seemed out of sorts about everything. The rating I got was not very much more severe than the little wretch gave his wife when she returned

each time with morsels of food. Something was radically wrong. It could not be that his mate did not search hard enough for food or bring enough back. With all his fault-finding he never once offered to relieve his faithful wife.

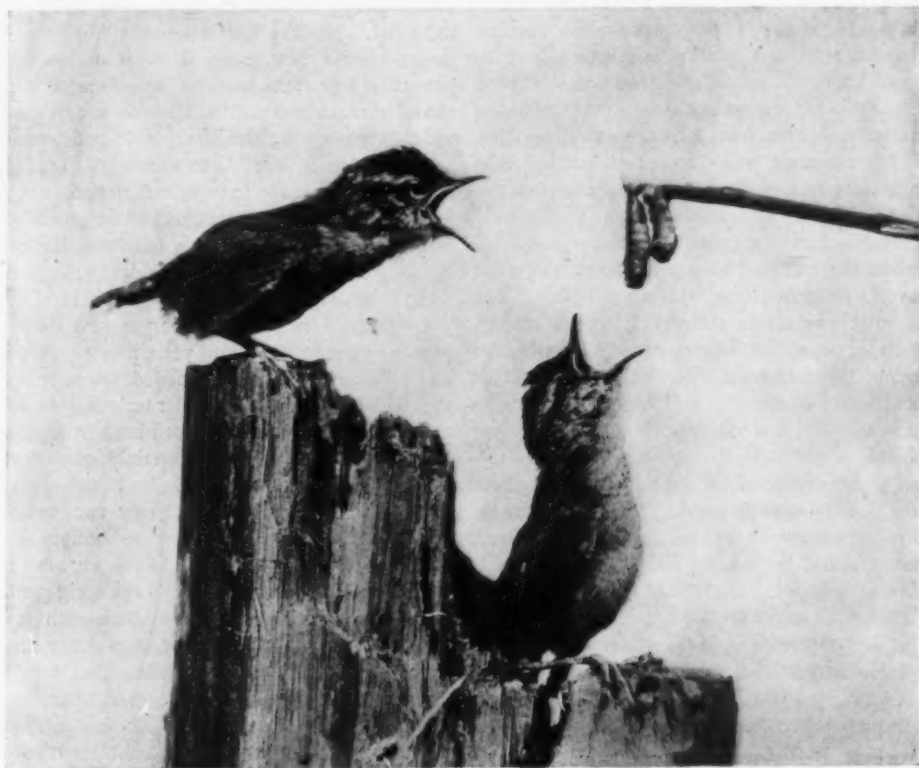
Hidden in the grass, I tried to solve the secret of the father's petulant actions. Each time the patient mother returned he grew more restless and violent in his language. Soon I saw his wife whirl joyously by with an unusually large white grub—surely a prize for any bird. But alas! for all her prowess, her spouse darted at her as if in madness, while she, trembling in terror, retreated down the limb and through the bushes. For a few moments it seemed as if the wren household was to be wrecked. I was tempted to take the mother's part against such cruel treatment as she quivered through the fern on fluttering wing toward me, but at that moment, as if thoroughly subdued, she

yielded up the bug to the father. This was the bone of contention. A domestic battle had been fought and he had won. The scolding ceased. Both seemed satisfied. Mounting to the tree-top, the little mother poured forth such a flood of sweet song as rarely strikes human ear. From that moment she seemed a different wren, released from all care and worry. Her entire time was spent in search for bugs. Each return was heralded by the high-sounding trill from the tree-top, and her husband whirled out of the tangled vines to take the morsel she carried.

But what of his actions? He had either

could hardly endure him. If he were hungry, why could he not skirmish for his own bugs?

While I was chiding him for his infamous action, the mother appeared with a large moth, which he readily took. Among the alder limbs the father flew, and finally up to the nest-hole, out of which was issuing such a series of hungry screams as no parent with the least bit of devotion could resist. Hardly could I believe my eyes, for the little knave just went to the door, where each hungry nestling could get a good view of the morsel, then, as if scolding the little ones for being so noisy and hungry, he hopped back down the tree into the bushes.



"MERCY! SUCH A REACHING AND STRETCHING!"

gone crazy or he was a most selfish little tyrant, for he flew about the alder stump, calling now in a softer tone to his children within, and finally swallowed the grub himself. Two or three times he did this, until I was so disgusted I

This was indeed cause for a family revolt. The brown nestling nearest the door grew so bold with hunger that he forgot his fear and plunged headlong down, catching in the branches below where the father perched. And

the precocious youngster got the large moth as a reward for his bravery.

Not till then did it dawn upon me that there was a reason for the father's queer actions. The wrenlets were old enough to leave the nest. Outside in the warm sunshine they could be fed more easily and would grow more rapidly, and they could be taught the ways of woodcraft. In half an hour, one after another, the little wrens had been persuaded, even compelled, to leave the narrow confines of the nest and launch out into the big world.

What a task the father had brought upon himself! Surely the old woman in the shoe never had a more trying time. The fretful father darted away to punish one of the wrenlets for not remaining quiet; he scurried here to scold another for wandering too far, or whirled away to whip a third for not keeping low in the underbrush, away from the hawk's watchful eyes.

My attention was directed in particular to one little feathered subject who, each time the brown father came back, insisted vociferously that his turn was next. Once in particular, when the camera did not fail to record, papa wren was approaching with a large grub. The wrenlet was all in ecstasy. He was calling, "Papa, papa, the bug is mine! The bug is mine!" fluttering his wings in such delight as he hopped to the next limb near the hesitating parent. But the youngster's emphatic appeal failed to persuade the father, for the next instant he deposited the morsel in the mouth of the less boisterous child. What a change in my enthusiastic little friend, who at one moment fairly tasted the dainty delicacy and the next saw it disappear down the throat of a less noisy brother. He stood looking in amazement, as his feathers ruffled up in anger and an astonished *peep* of disgust escaped his throat.

Another day in the warm sunshine and the wrenlets began to act more like their parents and to gain rapidly in worldly knowledge. The third morning all was quiet and I thought the family had departed for other hunting-grounds. Soon, however, the father appeared, and then the mother, scolding as usual. I crawled down under the tall ferns to wait. The parents had taught their children the act of keeping quiet very well, for not a *peep* was heard. But those

ever-growing appetites soon mastered caution, and, regardless of the continual warnings, there was a soft little *wink! wink!* in the direction of the vine-covered stump. 'T was hardly an exclamation of delight, but just a gentle reminder lest the busy parents forget. Gradually these little notes of admonition increased in number and volume till the full chorus of five impatient voices arose from among the tangle of vines and ferns.

My continued visits had made fast friends of the little fellows. Two of them took their position on the top of a little stub where the father was accustomed to light. Here they sat in sleepy attitude, each awaiting his turn to be fed. Not the least accommodating were they, from the photographer's point of view, for generally when the camera was focused for the picture, they would nod lower and lower, as children do at bedtime, till both were sound asleep in the warm sunshine. It was remarkable, however, to witness the effect of the mother's trill as she heralded the approach of something edible. In a flash both wrenlets on the wooden watch-tower were wide awake and on the tiptoe of expectancy.

Often do I remember trying to play foster-parent to young birds, and yet, with all my care and patience, I seldom succeeded. A week before, when I held a large spider temptingly near the nestlings, they had crouched back in terror; but by this time they had certainly gained in worldly wisdom. I, indeed, had not been watching the wrens for the past two weeks without learning. I had seen the mother hop up and down an old stump, like a dog after a squirrel, till she would soon haul out a big grub.

Digging into this bird-storehouse with my knife, in a trice I collected half a dozen fine fat worms—a stock of provisions that would take the mother two hours to gather. Why are young birds so particular, anyhow? What difference does it make whether their dinner comes from the mother's mouth or from some kindly disposed neighbor?

"I'll just test the little wrens once more," I said to myself, as I impaled two of the choicest grubs on a sharpened stick. It was impossible for me to announce the approach of this delicious dinner with the soft little

wink! wink! of the mother, but I patted both the sleepy birdies on the back and, rather hesitatingly, held up my offering. There was hardly room to doubt its acceptance. Mercy! such a reaching and stretching! I could not divide up fast enough. Nor was one grub apiece sufficient. Quiet was not restored till each wrenlet had stored away two of the largest and fattest.

For the first time the parent wrens seemed

to realize that I was actually of some use. The trying task of satisfying five growing appetites was lessened to some degree, and the busy parents took household affairs somewhat more easily the rest of the day.

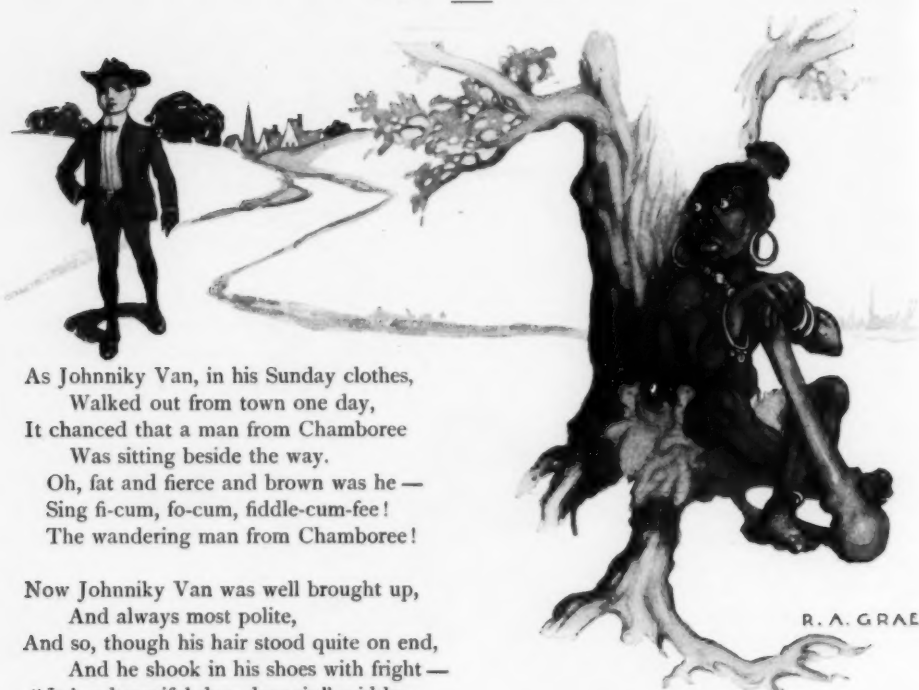
The next time I saw the wren family, all the young were scampering about in the bushes, following their parents hither and thither, earning their own livelihood and rapidly learning for themselves the arts of woodcraft.



BUTTERFLY DAYS.

JOHNNIKY VAN AND THE CANNIBAL MAN.

BY ELLEN MANLY.



R. A. GRAEF.

As Johnniky Van, in his Sunday clothes,
Walked out from town one day,
It chanced that a man from Chamboree
Was sitting beside the way.
Oh, fat and fierce and brown was he —
Sing fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!
The wandering man from Chamboree!

Now Johnniky Van was well brought up,
And always most polite,
And so, though his hair stood quite on end,
And he shook in his shoes with fright —
“It’s a beautiful day, dear sir,” said he
To the terrible man from Chamboree.
Oh, fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!

“It’s no such a thing!” the stranger growled;
“For the clouds are quite too green,
And the sky-blue grass and the purple trees
Are the ugliest things I’ve seen;
And the rain is wet, it appears to me —
Oh, fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!”
Said the singular man from Chamboree.

Cried Johnniky Van: “Excuse me, sir,
But I really must explain
That the sky is blue, and the grass is green,
And there is n’t a drop of rain.”
“Goo-roo! you’d better not differ with me!
Oh, fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!”
Said the quarrelsome man from Chamboree.

Then Johnniky Van politely bowed,
But he said: “My statement’s true;
You may eat me up if you please, dear sir,
But I’ll never agree with you!”
“Oh, ho, my friend, I’ll try it and see!”
Said the cannibal man from Chamboree!
“Sing fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!”

Then Johnniky Van he plainly saw
There was not much time to waste.
So he said: “I am pleased to have met you,
sir,
But I find I must leave in haste.”
And down the road like a shot went he,
Away from the man from Chamboree!
Sing fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!

"This is dreadfully hard," the cannibal cried,
 "On a man with nothing to eat!
 A nice little boy in his Sunday suit
 Would have been such a charming treat;
 And *now*, pray what shall I have for tea?"
 Said the cannibal man from Chamboree.
 Oh, fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!

When a cannibal man's in sight, my boy,
 Don't stop to say, "Good day";
 Though it's well to be polite, my boy,
 It is *better* to run away.
 And, whatever you do, don't disagree
 With a cannibal man from Chamboree!
 Oh, fi-cum, fo-cum, fiddle-cum-fee!



THE RAIN RAINS EVERY DAY.

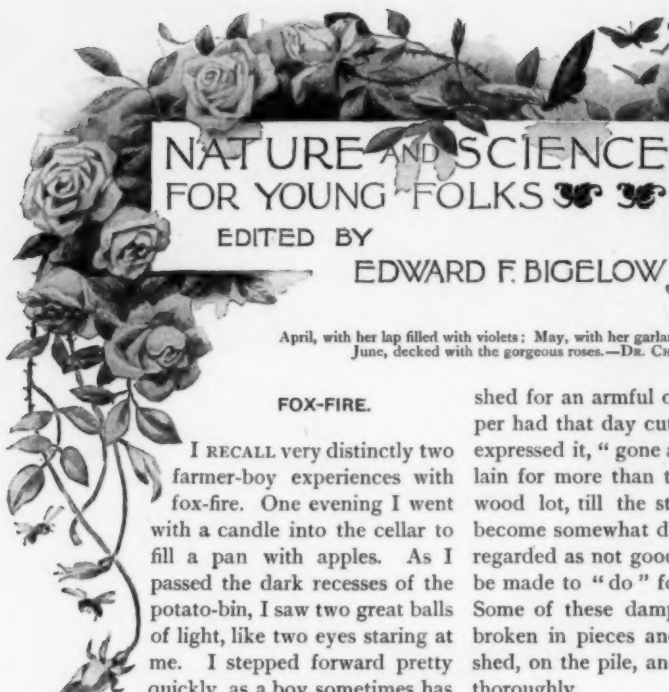
BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

SAID the robin to his mate
 In the dripping orchard tree:
 "Our dear nest will have to wait
 Till the blue sky we can see.
 Birds can neither work nor play,
 For the rain rains every day,
 And the rain rains all the day!"

Said the violet to the leaf:
 "I can scarcely ope my eye;
 So, for fear I'll come to grief,
 Close along the earth I lie.
 All we flowers for sunshine pray,
 But the rain rains every day,
 And the rain rains all the day!"

And the children, far and wide,
 They, too, wished away the rain;
 All their sports were spoiled outside
 By the "black glove" at the pane—
 Very dull indoors to stay
 While "the rain rains every day,
 And the rain rains all the day!"

Up and down the murmurs run,
 Shared by child and bird and flower.
 Suddenly the golden sun
 Dazzled through a clearing shower.
 Then they all forgot to say
 That "the rain rains every day,
 And the rain rains all the day!"



NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY

EDWARD F. BIGELOW



April, with her lap filled with violets; May, with her garland of fruit-tree blossoms;
June, decked with the gorgeous roses.—DR. CHARLES C. ABBOTT.

FOX-FIRE.

I RECALL very distinctly two farmer-boy experiences with fox-fire. One evening I went with a candle into the cellar to fill a pan with apples. As I passed the dark recesses of the potato-bin, I saw two great balls of light, like two eyes staring at me. I stepped forward pretty quickly, as a boy sometimes has a way of doing in such places. The movement had the same effect upon the lighted candle that a sudden draft would have had. I did n't stop to investigate details. I wanted a match—or something else—and I went upstairs without the slightest hesitation. But in that time, brief as it was, those two glaring balls grew into "a big animal in the corner of the potato-bin with two staring eyes and"—I was impelled to add—"a savage mouth and a long tail." Fierce claws and another smaller specimen not far from it were dawning on my excited imagination, when one of the workmen laughed and said, "That's no tiger—that's fox-fire on the rotten 'taters.'"

Thus I lost the chance to become the hero of a terrible encounter, but I gained my first knowledge of the fact that certain decaying vegetable materials can glow with a weird light—known to every dweller in the country as fox-fire.

A few months later I had the lesson to learn all over again and from a different point of view. Late in a dark evening I went to the

shed for an armful of wood. The wood-chopper had that day cut up a load that had, as he expressed it, "gone a little by"—that is, it had lain for more than two years in a pile in the wood lot, till the sticks near the ground had become somewhat decayed so that they were regarded as not good enough to sell, but could be made to "do" for home use if well dried. Some of these damp sticks had been split or broken in pieces and scattered about in the shed, on the pile, and in the yard so as to dry thoroughly.

As I entered the shed I took just one look and started for the house with a cry of "Fire! The woodshed's on fire!" that brought out the whole family with the water-pails. And



When you find, in the daytime, a decaying piece of damp wood or log on the ground among the growing plants, you may suspect that it is the home of fox-fire. Go in the evening and ascertain whether your suspicions were correct.



At night fox-fire readily reveals itself by a glowing from an old stump, or from pieces of wood on the ground.

again I was laughed at, and learned my second lesson in "fox-fire." But I well remember how we young folks afterward played with that "fire," and how we danced and ran and hurled the glowing lumps through the air, pretending to be Indians at a fire dance, hobgoblins, magicians, imps, and fiends.

Last summer I was guiding a party of about one hundred and fifty persons of all ages through a swamp at midnight, trying to answer Thoreau's query, "Is not the midnight like Central Africa to most of us?" Gibson also states: "For even the best informed student of daylight natural history may visit his accustomed haunts in the darkness as a pilgrim in a strange land." We found a large quantity of the fox-fire, put out our lanterns, and had a fantastic parade of midnight explorers with fox-fire torches. Of course the fire was not bright enough to be of aid in traveling, but the many sticks and balls of the pale light, as we waved and tossed them, produced an effect that was novel and beautiful.

You will recall that Hawthorne, in "Mosses from an Old Manse," tells of a remarkable encounter with this weird fox-fire. He was on a journey by canal-boat which had stopped *en route* at midnight.

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He went to examine the phosphoric light of an old tree a little within the forest. He says: "The tree lay along the ground, and was wholly converted into a mass of diseased splendor which threw a ghastliness around."

You will be interested in the chapter on "Fox-Fire" in William Hamilton Gibson's "Eye Spy." This author relates several remarkable experiences with fox-fire. Very correctly he states that "one's first experience with fox-fire, especially if he chances upon a specimen of some size, is apt to be a memorable incident."

TINY WINGS BEAUTIFULLY ORNAMENTED.

MOSQUITOS belong to the fly family, but differ from common flies in many respects. One of the most interesting differences is the fringe of hair-like scales on the edge of the wing and on the wing-veins. These scales are exceedingly transparent and dainty in appearance, and the accomplished microscopist looks at them with great interest, because, once upon a time, the English-speaking microscopists of the whole world were fighting a wordy war about the true structure of these feathery objects. Microscope lenses of those days were poor in comparison with the lenses of the present, and few observers agreed in the interpretation of what they saw. We know about these scales now, but they will always be attractive, because thirty or forty years ago they stirred up quite a scientific contest.

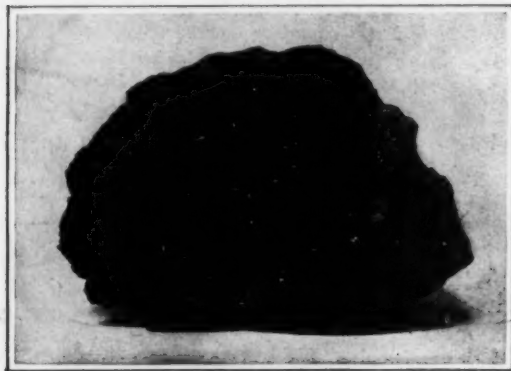
The wing of the mosquito is a beautiful object even under a low magnifying power of the compound microscope, as shown below in the photograph of the magnified wing. Its form and the position of the scales are clearly indicated, but to see the full beauty with the delicate coloring the bright condensed light of the microscope is not at all necessary.



FRINGE OF HAIR-LIKE SCALES ON THE EDGE AND ON THE VEINS OF THE WING OF A MOSQUITO.

RADIUM.

THE new metal, radium, which has been so much talked and written about during the last few months, turns out to be a sort of natural Roman candle, since, in addition to giving light, it also shoots off bodies of two different sizes. The light itself from this mysterious substance is not like ordinary light. Even a small fragment sealed up in a glass tube shines with a weird glow like a firefly, but bright enough to read by. Moreover, if these rays fall on certain other substances, as, for example, diamonds, it causes them also to glow with a similar unearthly radiance; and like the "X rays," which enable one to see his own bones, they will go through a plank or a dictionary. We never use metallic radium, because it has never been entirely separated from other material. We have n't it to use. We are therefore compelled to be content with some salt (a mixture) of the metal. One experimenter consequently placed the least pinch of radium bromide in a glass tube, and screwed it tightly inside of a rubber thermometer-case. This he put in an iron box, with a silver soup-tureen and four sheets of copper above it, yet in some way the rays got out. After all, I don't know that it is any more difficult to understand why this light goes through iron than why the light of a candle goes through glass.



A PIECE OF PITCH-BLENDE, THE MINERAL FROM WHICH RADIUM IS OBTAINED.



PHOTOGRAPH MADE BY THE RAYS FROM THE PIECE OF PITCH-BLENDE PICTURED AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PRECEDING COLUMN.

But a piece of radium, in addition to giving off these peculiar rays, sends out such a shower of little particles that it is like a sort of exploding battery of tiny rapid-fire guns. These, as I said at the beginning, are of two sizes. The smallest are the smallest particles known to science. Indeed, as they travel some two hundred thousand times faster than a bullet from a rifle, they must needs be pretty small not to wipe out everything within range. The others are much larger, perhaps by a thousand times, and they do not travel so fast. But even these are so small that, after millions upon millions of them have been shot off, the most careful weighing with a balance for which a hair is a heavy weight cannot detect any loss. Now these smaller bodies are the mysterious "electrons" which, as they stream against the walls of a Crookes tube, produce the X rays. So they seem quite like old friends. The larger ones come still nearer home. They are like the minute particles of vapor which are always being sent off by any substance, such as water, or alcohol, or camphor, or ice, which is drying up or wasting away. But the remarkable thing about radium is that, while the gas which goes off into the air from these familiar substances is still water or alcohol or what not, the gas from radium is not radium at all, but helium. Now helium and radium are totally different things. Radium

is one of the heaviest of all known substances, while helium is one of the lightest, and until within a few months no one so much as dreamed that the one could be changed into the other any more than that wood can be changed into gold. But if such a transformation as this is possible, what may we not expect in the future? However, this splitting up of radium into helium and other things is, after all, just the least little bit like the behavior of dynamite and gunpowder. Most explosives are solids which on occasion shake apart suddenly

do the same thing in as few minutes. But the range must be fed with coal several times each day, while the radium, sealed tightly in a bottle and untouched, will continue to give off heat for nobody knows how long.

However, in spite of the convenience of continuous heat without fire, it will be a long time before radium will supplant fuel. At five thousand dollars the grain, which was lately the price of pure radium salts, a piece the size of a hen's egg would cost from three to five million dollars. Fortunately, for most purposes



M. PIERRE CURIE AND MME. SKŁODOWSKA CURIE (THE DISCOVERERS OF RADIUM), WITH THEIR DAUGHTER IRENE, IN THE GARDEN OF THEIR HOME NEAR PARIS.

with a flash of light into gases many thousand times less heavy than themselves. Radium does something not so very different, except that the explosion, instead of being all over in a few hundredths of a second, probably lasts for several thousand years.

Like gunpowder and the rest, radium, as it slowly explodes, gives off considerable heat. A pound of it would boil a quart of coffee in about two hours. This, to be sure, does not seem so remarkable, since a kitchen range will

the substance need not be absolutely pure, so that radium good enough to enable one to see most of these strange things for himself can be had for less than one dollar the grain.

There is also another reason besides the cost why radium is not likely to become a household convenience: it would very likely be extremely dangerous to stay in a room with a few pounds of it. Between the scorching light and the fusillade of tiny bullets, a piece the size of a dried pea will kill a small animal such as a mouse



A PHOTOGRAPH OF A PIECE OF WELSBACH MANTLE TAKEN BY ITS OWN INVISIBLE RAYS.

or a guinea-pig; and two or three men who were rash enough to carry a little tube containing radium in their waistcoat pockets developed dangerous sores where the skin was pelted most vigorously. Still, like a great many other dangerous things, radium may be put to good use. Many very dreadful diseases, such as cancer, malaria, and, worst of all, consumption, are caused by minute living things which grow in the body. Perhaps it will be possible to bombard these with radium until they are killed and the patient is cured. Already this has been tried successfully with cancer, but it has to be done cautiously—just enough to destroy the disease germs, but not so much as to injure the healthy tissues of the patient.

Nevertheless, in spite of all its various characteristics, this strange metal is not altogether unique. There are two others, actinium and polonium, concerning which we know even less than of radium, and two much more common ones, uranium and thorium, all very heavy, and all with the same wonderful properties in different measure. Uranium has long been used to color glass and has some remarkable qualities of its own. Thorium, as thorium oxid, forms the mantle of Welsbach burners. All these act like radium, and doubtless there are others also; but radium is many thousand times more powerful than the two commoner metals. Still, a Welsbach mantle, even when cold and dark, gives off enough X rays to take its own photograph after two days' exposure, and, as everybody knows, when heated in the gas-flame,

gives much more ordinary light than other hot substances. It is quite possible, too, that all metals are slightly "radioactive," just as they are all slightly magnetic, though only iron, and to a less degree nickel and cobalt, are strikingly so. At any rate, the more these strange powers are investigated the more universal they are found to be. Evidently we are now only just at the beginning of a series of startling discoveries, so that no one can so much as guess what marvels may appear in the next few years.

EDWIN TENNEY BREWSTER.

THE FIGHTING-BEETLES.

THERE are beetles in England (of the family known to scientists as *Telephoridae*) that are popularly called soldiers and sailors, the red species being called by the former name and the blue species by the latter.

These beetles are among the most quarrelsome of insects and fight to the death on the least provocation. It has long been the custom among English boys to catch and set them fighting with each other. They are as ready for battle as game-cocks, and the victor will both kill and eat his antagonist.

Some of our American ground-beetles also are often called soldiers, because they capture other insects for food by chasing or springing upon them.

W. H. WALMSLEY.



THE SOLDIER-BEETLE.

"BECAUSE WE
WANT TO KNOW"
????????????

St. Nicholas
Union Square
New York

CATERPILLARS IN EARLY SPRING.

WILLOUGHBY, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to ask you a question. Will you tell me, please, why caterpillars are



A SPRING CATERPILLAR.

sometimes seen moving around on the ground in the early springtime? Why are they not in cocoons?

FLORENCE C. CLARK.

Some caterpillars hibernate; that is, the insect spends the winter in the larval state, not changing to the cocoon form until spring. "Hurrying along like a caterpillar in the fall," is a common expression among the country people in certain parts of New England referring to a person who is walking rapidly. Probably this saying originated from seeing the caterpillar of the Isabella tiger-moth. Its evident haste to get somewhere in the autumn is almost painful to witness. A nervous anxiety is apparent in every movement of its body, and frequently its shining black head is raised high in the air, and moved from side to side, while taking its bearings. Sometimes it seems to have made a mistake, and turns sharply and hastens in another direction.

In the spring it resumes its activity, feeds for a time, then makes a blackish brown cocoon composed largely of its hair. It was doubtless this caterpillar, or one of the same habit of hibernating till the spring, that induced the question from our young observer. Some caterpillars hibernate immediately after emerging from the egg; others have one or more molts, that is, "changing their overcoats," as some young people call molting. Some insects exist in the caterpillar state for ten months, others for only one or two months. Some pass the winter in the egg state, others in the larval, others in cocoon or chrysalis, and a few in the winged form.

EARTHWORMS ON THE SIDEWALK.

BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like very much to know why there are so many worms on the sidewalks after the rain, and what they are called.

Your interested reader,

MARJORIE PARKS.

Earthworms cannot live without moisture; their food is also dependent upon it. During droughts they burrow down to moisture often three or four feet, and it is only after rains, during humid weather, or in damp earth that they may be dug up just under the surface or are seen reaching far out of their holes or even traveling on the surface to new localities, generally at night. Vegetable mold often grows upon pavements, and worms frequent such places. Often they crawl upon the hard sidewalks and cannot burrow down again. They are found in greatest numbers wherever there is decaying vegetation. Worms are friends of man and serve an important economic purpose.

—S. F. A.

EARTHWORMS ON THE LAWN.

MANITOWOC, WIS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: This spring I noticed many holes on the lawn which were about the size of those that a worm makes. But large blades of grass had been pulled into them, the tops of which stood up in crowded tufts. I noticed now and then a few red ants about them, but the holes were much larger than those of an ant, and I did not see them carry

any grains of sand. Do you know if this was the hole of red or black ant or a worm?

LITTA VOELCHERT.



AN EARTHWORM REACHING OUT OF ITS HOLE TO FEED.

Shown by cutting away the earth to expose the burrow. Blades of grass, minute pebbles, and such things are drawn into the hole to induce the growth of mold on which the worm feeds.

Holes on the lawn are made by earthworms, the common *Lumbricus terrestris*, also called

angleworms, fishworms, and redworms. They draw into their holes not only blades of grass, but small pebbles, twigs, leaves, moss, etc., anything that may induce the growth of organic substances such as mold, minute mosses, and lichens, upon which the worms feed. They also swallow little stones, gravel, sand, and twigs, not taking time to clean the mold from these, depending on digestion for that.



THE WILLOW GALL.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y.

THE WILLOW GALL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For the first time that I have gathered pussy-willows I have seen the cone (or something) inclosed on the willow. Can you tell me the name of it? Is there any germ or anything that makes it grow? And oblige,

CARLTON KING.

The specimen you send is the pine-cone willow gall, one of the most curious of plant growths. Evidently it is not the seed-cone of the willow, for the seeds of the willow, as we all know, are scattered from the woolly "pussies" or catkins. If you will gather a few of these pine-cone willow galls in a glass jar you will some time later find one or more flies in the jar. These are the flies that lay their eggs in the end buds of the willow. The larvæ or worm-like stages of the insect grow inside this cone from the egg, till they transform into pupæ, then to the full-grown flies. One can study these willow galls at any season of the year and find much of interest.

Pick apart the scales of the cone and you will see how wonderfully the willow provides a nest for the intruder.

HOW A STARFISH SEES.

NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me how a starfish can see?

Your loving reader,

HELEN D. HUNTINGTON (age 10).

They have red eye-spots on the end of each arm, which enable them to see a little, though not very well.

THE RED SQUIRREL SOMETIMES ROBS BIRDS' NESTS.

CHILOWAY, DELAWARE CO., N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Behind our house stands a little maple-tree, so close that the limbs touch the house. In this tree there is a robin's nest. I was sitting in the window one day when I heard a great noise among the robins. On looking out I saw a red squirrel sitting in the nest with an egg in his paws, eating it as he would a nut. I opened the window and frightened him away. He ran up in the leaves and hid. That afternoon I went out to see if he had left any eggs, and found the nest empty. Just then the squirrel jumped into another tree, and I told a boy who was with me to shake him out, and down he came flat on his back. I jumped down and followed him, but he was too quick for me and got away.

WESTLEY S. BURNHAM (age 12).

The red squirrel has many interesting ways, but, I am very sorry to say, he also has many petty vices.

QUICK "GROWTH" OF A SPANISH ONION.

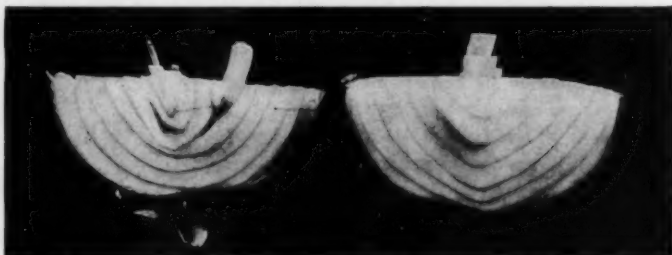
COLUMBUS, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Yesterday evening mama cut in two, across the grain, a Spanish onion. The green central parts began to sprout at once, and in five minutes projected a quarter of an inch above the cut surface. One could plainly see them rising. Mama says she has noticed this before in Spanish onions but never in the common kinds.

Yours truly,

BERNARD RAYMUND.

This is evidently due to the lengthwise pressure of the growing stem within the onion,



A PHOTOGRAPH OF A SPANISH ONION ONE-HALF HOUR AFTER IT WAS CUT IN TWO.

and is not real sprouting or growth. Cutting the onion in two parts releases this sprouting portion, which later would have to push through the outer layer at the top of the onion. I cut open several and was much interested in the apparent quick growth you describe.

QUEER PLACES FOR NESTS.

SOUTH COVENTRY, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for about four years. It is the nicest magazine I know of. I thought I would write to tell you about some queer places for birds' nests. One Sunday last month I went to walk in the afternoon with my father, mother, uncle, and two aunts. We went up to the cemetery, and while I was walking near the old cannon I saw a bluebird fly away from it. I went around and looked into the cannon, and there, sure enough, was a bird's nest. Another bird near my home was known to build in a knot-hole of a clothes-line post. Still another bird built a nest in the eaves trough on my home.

Your loving reader, EDITH C. TRACY (age 10).

This is the month for nest-building. Be on the lookout for a nest in an interesting and unusual place and "write to ST. NICHOLAS about it." Also look for nests that are near a much traveled path or road. A nest in a sculptured lion's mouth is interestingly described on page 726 of this number of ST. NICHOLAS.



"ANOTHER BIRD BUILT A NEST IN THE EAVES TROUGH ON MY HOME."



A BIRD'S NEST IN AN OLD CANNON.

GRABBED A HUGE SNAKE.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to tell you of a snake I chanced to meet last summer. Not far from the place where I lived was a little pond just teeming with snakes and frogs and painted turtles. One day, as I was walking by this pond with my net, I saw some tadpoles which I wished to get. I got down on my knees and put one hand in the water, when, to my surprise,

I found I had put it on a snake about two inches thick. I took my hand away, but the snake did not move. Now, when I catch a snake I generally take hold just behind its head, but in this case it was rather hard to tell which was the head, as only a few coils were visible. I selected a spot which I thought was near the head, but when I pulled it up, it turned out to be very near the tail. It was like pulling on a rope; but as I was not very anxious to meddle with a snake of that size, and had not got it very near the head, I let it go. I will try to describe it. It had a dark brown back, with dull red spots at intervals, and a pale yellow abdomen. I have caught small snakes like it. Up in the Pocono Mountains I once caught a snake which was bright green. Can you tell me what kind of snakes they were and what to feed them on? Yours truly,

THEODORE M. CHAMBERS.

The larger snake was a water-snake (*Natrix fasciata sipedon*), a species semi-aquatic in habits, and feeding upon fishes, tadpoles, frogs, and toads. The small reptile was a green snake (*Liopeltis vernalis*). It feeds upon soft-bodied insects.



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY MURIEL C. EVANS, AGE 16. (FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

A JUNE SONG.

BY ALLEINE LANGFORD, AGE 15. (Cash Prize.)

How do we know when
June is here?
By science, or logic, or cal-
endar year?
Oh, no; we know by the
bright blue sky,
By the white clouds lazily
floating by,
By the soft, cool breeze as it
nods the trees,
By the singing birds, by the
hum of bees,
By the nodding rose, by the
daisy white,
The primrose dainty, the
cowslip bright,
The golden yellow of daffo-
dils,
The soft haze over the sleep-
ing hills;
By the woodland glen, by
field and fen,
We know that June-time has
come again;

OUR chief regret this month is that we have not room for even a tenth of the *especially interesting* "Family Traditions," every one worthy of preservation. We did not imagine that so much interesting history—and not altogether family history, but history of the nation as well—existed in the form of stories told about the home fireside, handed down from one generation to another, each as precious as a gem to the owners, and likewise to the historian of some future day. The League editor would urge every one of his contributors to preserve in written and detailed form every bit of such material to be obtained. The country is comparatively



"COMPANIONS." BY FANNY C. STORER, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

nation will be forgotten and unhonored dust. To preserve the story of their deeds is to preserve the glory of those who, in days that are now no more, with Washington and Lafayette and other historic heroes, linked their lives and fortunes in the upbuilding of the foremost republic in all history.

By the robin's red, by the
bluebird's blue,
By the waving grass and the
pearls of dew,
By the first pink flush in the
sky of gray,
And the lark's glad song at
the peep of day,
By the murmur'ing brawl, the
hemlock tall,
By the cricket's chirp, and
the wood-bird's call,
By the soft faint music of
lowing kine,
By the wind's sweet song in
the darkened pine,
By the lily buds on the rip-
pling pool,
And the gray-green moss in
the deep woods cool,
By the brook's low croon, and
the thrush's gay tune,
We know, we know when
the month is June.

new and its traditions are still closely allied with facts and the details of occurrence. Some day it will be old. The traditions, unless preserved in writing, will have become legends and myths; names will be lost or changed beyond recognition, and many of those who were a part of our history and helped to make a great

PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 54.

In making awards, contributors' ages are considered.

Verse. Cash prize, **Alleine Langford** (age 15), 7 E. 3d St., Jamestown, N. Y.

Gold badges, **Saidee E. Kennedy** (age 17), Merryall, Pa., and **Margaret Stevens** (age 13), 1150 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badges, **Dorothea Bechtel** (age 10), Carpenter, Del., and **Anna C. Heffern** (age 12), 4519 Kingsessing Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Prose. Gold badges, **Jeannie Read Sampson** (age 14), Box 375, Shelbyville, Ky., **Catharine H. Straker** (age 11), Shorncliff, Corbridge, Northumberland, England, and **Sophonra Moore Cooper** (age 11), Oxford, N. C.

Silver badges, **Alice Wickenden** (age 15), Ste. Adèle, Terrebonne Co., P. Q., Canada,

Morris Bishop (age 10), 77 Waring Place, Yonkers, N. Y., and **Helen Platt** (age 9), Prettyman Ave., Mt. Tabor, Ore.

Drawing. Gold badges, **Eileen Lawrence Smith** (age 14), 31 Portman Sq., London, Eng., **Fanny C. Storer** (age 16), 418 S. 6th St., Goshen, Ind., and **Sara Homans** (age 11), 494 Bute St., Norfolk, Va.

Silver badges, **Frances Bryant Godwin** (age 11), Roslyn, N. Y., and **Robert Edmund Jones** (age 16), Milton, N. H.

Photography. Gold badges, **Mary Goldthwaite** (age 16), 411 White Ave., Marion, Ind., and **Gertrude M. Howland** (age 11), Conway, Mass.

Silver badges, **J. Stuart Jeffries** (age 15), 431 4th Ave., Braddock, Pa., **Farris B. Smith** (age 14), 200 N. Main St., Franklin, Ind., and **Corinne Bowers** (age 13), 173 E. Market St., Chambersburg, Pa.

Wild Animal and Bird Photography. First prize, "Skunk," by **Georgina E. McCall** (age 17), Strathmore Ranch, Eden, Concho Co., Tex. Second prize, "White-crested Nuthatch," by **Samuel Dowse Robbins** (age 16), Box 64, Belmont, Mass.

Third Prize, "Wild Ducks," by **L. S. Taylor** (age 13), 17 Linden St., Somersworth, N. H.

Puzzle-making. Gold badges, **Harry I. Tiffany** (age 16), Middleburg, Va., and **Doris Hackbusch** (age 15), 511 North Esplanade, Leavenworth, Kan.

Silver badges, **Helen F. Searight** (age 13), 327 King St., Port Chester, Pa., and **Marie Warner** (age 9), 1900 Madison Ave., Baltimore, Md.

Puzzle-answers. Gold badges, **Elizabeth Thurston** (age 13), 50 Howard St., Melrose Hglds., Mass., and **Grace Haren** (age 12), 4575 Forest Park Boul., St. Louis, Mo.

Silver badges, **E. Boyer** (age 14), 444 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Can., and **Eveline Taylor** (age 10), Wissahickon Heights, Philadelphia, Pa.

Chapter Entertainment. First prize, fifty dollars' worth of books to be selected from The Century Co.'s catalogue, won by Chapter 541, of West Newton, Mass. Total amount of receipts, \$75.76, to be given to the Winning Farm, a branch of the Fresh Air

Fund. It is a large farm near Lexington to which poor children are taken in the summer for less than a dollar a week. At its head is Dr. George L. Perin, pastor of the Every-Day Church in Boston.

We regret to say that while a number of other chapters competed, their reports have not been received, hence there will be no second and third awards.

A JUNE SONG.

BY SAIDEE E. KENNEDY (AGE 17).

(Gold Badge.)

MISS ARABELLA GERALDINE

Came tripping o'er the grass,
And oh, so stiff and starched and trim
You ne'er did see a lass.

She did not shout nor run nor
romp,
But hovered here and there,
Just like a big blue butterfly
With shining golden hair.

She plucked the daisies as they
grew
A-smiling 'midst the green;
Then suddenly she spied, quite
near,
A donkey gaunt and lean.

Said Arabella Geraldine,
"What can that creature be?
But hark! his mouth is open wide,
He's going to sing to me!"

The music it was loud and long
And rendered with great skill.
It woke the echoes,
and they rang
From every distant
hill.

Miss Arabella? Well,
the last
I saw of that small
girl
Was just a piece of
flying blue
And fast-receding
curl.



"COMPANIONS." BY SARA HOMANS, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY JEANNIE READ SAMPSON (AGE 14).

(Gold Badge.)

In the early days of the Confederacy, as there was no arsenal in the South, my Grandfather Todd was sent as a spy to Norfolk to find out how shot, firearms, etc., were made. He had found out, when some Federals captured him. As President Lincoln had married grandfather's sister, he was not put in prison, but was taken to Lincoln's house. Mr. Lincoln wanted him to give his parole, but he replied, "No; if I get a chance I shall escape." He was allowed to go wherever he wished, but two detectives always went with him. He walked and rode out often, hoping to escape. One night he went to an entertainment, and he and the detectives stepped out of the carriage and went in the hall. Grandfather stopped before the hat-rack as if to adjust his tie. The two detectives, seeing him in the house, mixed in the crowd in the next room.



"REFLECTIONS." BY MARY GOLDTHWAITE, AGE 16. (GOLD BADGE.)

Grandfather, seizing the opportunity, went out quickly, and, getting in the carriage, told the coachman to drive him to the Potomac. The driver, not knowing that he was a prisoner, obeyed. Grandfather got out and said, "Take the President my compliments for the use of his carriage." Then, jumping into the Potomac, he swam across and escaped.

In the twilight I often like to hear mother tell about how he made his escape.

A JUNE SONG.

BY DOROTHEA BECHTEL
(AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

Oh, that I were an artist! I
would paint June
As in my thoughts I've often
pictured her:
A maiden with cherries on
her smiling lips
And sunshine in her flowing
golden hair!

A FAMILY TRADITION OF COURAGE.

BY CATHARINE H. STRAKER
(AGE 11).

(Gold Badge.)

It may interest the readers of the ST. NICHOLAS to know that mother possesses a document signed by George Washington in the year 1796, making an American ancestor of mine judge of the territory northwest of the river Ohio. This man had a wife named Rebecca. On the second Sunday after she was married, she had walked to church between her husband and Timothy Pickering, Washington's Secretary of State. We also have the dress she wore on that day. I have worn it once myself on my birthday, when I dined late with my parents, and my brothers were asked to meet me.



"REFLECTIONS." BY GERTRUDE M. HOWLAND, AGE 11.
(GOLD BADGE.)

When there was a rising of Indians in the Northwest, and all the people had to crowd into the forts, my great-great-great-grandfather took his turn doing sentry duty outside the fort to set an example. My ancestress used to go out and walk up and down beside him, as that was the only quiet time she had to talk with him. She was afraid of the Indians, of course, but her great courage did not let her remain in for that.

Once, when there was a madman, armed with knives, on a river boat, of whom every one was afraid, her only son was made a special constable by his father to go and arrest him.

I do not know anything more about her, but this will be enough to show that my ancestress was an unusually brave woman.

A JUNE SONG IN WINTER.

BY MARGARET STEVENS (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

I SIT in the window corner,
Looking out into the night,
While down on the snow beneath me
The moonbeams shine so bright.

My brains are tired of rhyming,
And my rhymes seem out of tune;
For it's hard to write in windy March
A song of sunny June.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY SOPHRONIA MOORE
COOPER (AGE 11).

(Gold Badge.)

AT the close of the French War, in 1756, my great-great-grandfather, Stephen Moore, was appointed Deputy Postmaster-general in Quebec, with the Canada District under his management. General Holdiman, then in command in Canada, had occasion in midwinter to send an express to Sir Jeffery Amherst, the commander-in-chief in America, residing at New York. He applied to my forefather to look out for a person qualified for the purpose and acquainted with all the wilderness through which it was necessary to pass.

Neither the St. Lawrence nor Lakes were sufficiently hard to bear sleigh or horses,

and the despatches required haste and immediate conveyance.

My ancestor, after a few hours' preparation, told the general he had found such a person, and the letters were immediately handed to him. He put a pound or two of dressed provisions in his knapsack, put on his skates, slung his blanket and snowshoes on his back,

and started from Quebec, on the St. Lawrence.

On arrival at Montreal, he hired a couple of faithful Mohawks, armed as a guard, and all of them on snowshoes (the snow very deep and no vestige of a track), proceeded through the wilderness by the shortest course known to his Indian guides, to the north end of Lake Champlain. There they took to the lake, and proceeded on it and Lake George to its south boundary, and from there to the Hudson. At Albany he discharged his Indians, took to his skates, and kept on them until he reached Colonel Philipse's seat at Yonkers, twenty miles from New York.

He fell through the ice twice before he relinquished the frozen Hudson. From Colonel Philipse's he walked to town, and delivered his despatches to Sir Jeffery Amherst on the tenth day after leaving Quebec. The general told my great-great-grandfather that his position as Deputy Postmaster-general to the King's army forbade his offering any pecuniary remuneration, but handsomely insisted upon his acceptance of a large sum as postage, presenting him with one hundred guineas.

A JUNE SONG.

BY ANNA C. HEFFERN (AGE 12).

(Silver Badge.)

Flow gently, ye streams!
Sing, sing, ev'ry bird!
Sun, scatter thy beams!
And let there be heard
With great acclamation
In tongue of each nation
This glad proclamation:
'T is June.

Now open, ye roses!
And, grasses, spring up!
Joy-filled, it o'erflows,
Doth, now, nature's cup;
The earth it is ringing
With jubilant singing
Of this joyous bringing
Of June.

Wind, bear the glad news
From palm unto pine!
'T is summer! And
whose
This duty but thine?
With no lamentation
Let each tongue and nation
Shout this proclamation:
'T is June.

OUR FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ALICE WICKENDEN (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

ST. NICHOLAS is always very welcome, but this month especially so; for the first thing I saw, on opening it, was a story on Cécile Daubigny's bedroom; and it will give me an opportunity of telling you that which will always remain as a family tradition with us.



"REFLECTIONS." BY FARRIS D. SMITH, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

We have been closely connected with the surviving members of Daubigny's family for many years—that is to say, Monsieur B. Daubigny, his second son, and Madame Karl Daubigny, the widow of the eldest son. Cécile Daubigny died several years ago.

Our house was just across the road from the Villa des Vallées, and we five children have spent most of our time in the Daubigny house, and all of us have slept in that bedroom, which we know by heart, as well

as the rest of the house.

Not only the little bedroom has been decorated, but also the studio, hall, and dining-room. One of our favorite corners on rainy days was the big sofa in the corner of the studio, reading the "Arabian Nights," or in the large, cool, tiled hall, where we would sew or play with our dolls.

We knew every corner in the garden where nuts, strawberries, violets, and the best apples and cherries could be found, and where also grew the finest ivy leaves, which we used to put around our bouquets of violets and daisies.

There was also the *Botin*, the boat on which Daubigny spent so much of his time; it was placed at the end of the lawn, where it was slowly decaying. On the

anniversaries of the death of the two Daubignys, Madame Daubigny always placed on the *Botin* bouquets, which we helped her to make.

On our birthdays we used to go over there to sleep, which we thought was great fun, though I hardly know why, as we spent most of our time there in any case, so much so that most strangers thought we were Madame Daubigny's children.

The last week we were at Auvers, Madame Daubigny kindly lent us the house, as ours was sold.



"REFLECTIONS." BY CORINNE BOWERS, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)

My twelfth birthday came just at that time, and Monsieur B. Daubigny and Madame Karl Daubigny gave me an old-fashioned ring which belonged to Madame C. F. Daubigny. We write to each other very often, and live in the hope of meeting each other again in dear old Auvers.

THE BIRDS.

BY ALICE BARSTON (AGE 6).

LITTLE birdies in the sky—
Don't you see them flying high,
Up above the great big clouds,
Like an arrow shooting by?

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY MORRIS BISHOP (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

ONE of the customs of the bucaners was to bury a man or boy, preferably a boy, with their treasure. When they had amassed enough treasure they would set out in search of a suitable boy.

Alas! my great-great-great-grandfather once happened to be that boy. He was captured and taken aboard Captain Kidd's ship—for it was Kidd himself who had captured him—till they could find a spot to bury their ill-gotten gains.

When they finally hit upon such a spot, my ancestor was rowed ashore in a boat well guarded with bucaners. Several more boats came, one of which was laden with some mysterious-looking chests and boxes.

When they reached the shore the bucaners' attention was fully occupied by the boxes of treasure, as my forefather rightly concluded the mysterious boxes to be. "Now is my chance," thought my forefather, and, accordingly, he "lit out." He found a hollow log, and crawled into it. This saved his life, though he did not know it at the time.

In a few minutes a spider decided that as the mouth of the log was quite a thoroughfare for flies, it would be immensely to his advantage to spin a web over that part, and, acting upon the thought, he spun one.

Meanwhile there was great excitement among the pirates when they discovered that their bird had flown.

They sent out parties as far as they dared in search of him. A party passed the hollow log, but they said:

"He can't be in here; see, a spider is spinning a web over the mouth."

In the morning my forefather escaped and found his way to a settlement.

I do not believe this story is perfectly true, for it could hardly be expected not to be exaggerated in some of the particulars, as it was never put in writing before. The main facts, however, are true.



"COMPANIONS." BY MARJORIE CONNER, AGE 15.



"COMPANIONS." BY ELSIE MOORE, AGE 13.



"REFLECTIONS." BY J. STUART JEFFERIES, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

A JUNE SONG.

BY ROBERT E. DUNDON (AGE 17).

(A Former Prize-winner.)

IN the sunrise-time, enraptured,
By its potent magic captured,
By its stilly charm enfolded,
As the poet wandered idly,
Swept his gaze a bit more widely,
Seeing shapes no mortal molded
Save in free imagination,
Saw this wonder presentation:

Riotous and helter-skelter,
In the sunny south slope's shelter,
Myriads of nature's fairest
Children growing, budding, blowing,
With a vigor overflowing.
With a beauty of the rarest,
Making June a month of pleasure,
Peace, and joy in endless measure.

Oh, how tawdry is ambition,
Vainer than vain repetition!
E'en the lowest of the lowly
Seem devoted to creation,
Seem to offer veneration,
Seem inspired by something holy,
Preach contentment, zeal for doing,
Virtue giving, life renewing.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY HELEN PLATT (AGE 9).

(Silver Badge.)

A LONG time ago, in the year 1847, my great-grandfather crossed the plains to Oregon in company with some other settlers.

They traveled in wagons drawn by oxen.

One day, when they were still a long way from Oregon, some Indians drove off the oxen.

The travelers did not know what to do; they did not have provisions enough to last very long, and they would starve before they could get any more.

My great-grandfather set his teeth, took some provisions, and started out, alone and on foot, to find the oxen.

He traveled for two days. Toward evening of the second day, he saw some Indians in a ravine, and at the foot of this ravine grazed the oxen. He was unarmed; he had only a stick in his hand; nevertheless he resolved to get those oxen.

He walked down to where they were feeding, and, in full sight of the Indians, he drove the oxen away. The Indians were so astonished at his bravery and daring that they did not move.

The Indians greatly admire bravery, and perhaps they thought that such a brave man ought to keep his cattle.

My great-grandfather drove the oxen back and the settlers resumed their journey. I do not think their oxen were ever stolen again.

A JUNE AFTERNOON.

BY RUTH BIRD (AGE 15).

THE days are long and sunny,
And the robin sings his best,
And the bobolink is calling
In the grass beside his nest.

The boys are off a-fishing
In the stream down by the
mill,
And mama's rocking baby,
And everything is still.

I'm getting very drowsy,
And I can't read any more,
And I think I'll take a little
nap
Right down here on the floor.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ADELYN BELL (AGE 14).

ON a dark, foggy night in August, 1776, Washington, with his army, made his memorable retreat from Long Island. The British had a large force of well-trained soldiers, across the sound, on close watch for any signs of the colonists—or rebels, as they were called. All of these things made it dangerous for Washington to withdraw. It is true he had the darkness and the fog on his side, and his men, while "small in number, were bold in spirit"; still, unless the camp-fires had been kept burning until the army had reached New York, it is probable that the undertaking would have been a loss. My great-grandfather, with two or three others, were stationed as guards to keep up the camp-fires. They were the last to depart from the island. While the fires blazed high and bright, they quietly left and hastened to rejoin the main army. The English, seeing the fires, were deceived at first, and missed their opportunity of capturing the Americans.

JUNE.

BY MARGARET DREW (AGE 9).

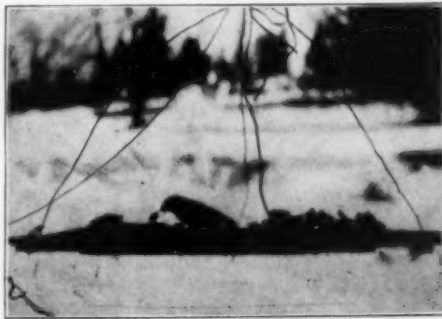
OH, June she brings the roses,
So scented and so fair;
I love to smell their perfume,
That fills the summer air.

Of yellow there are n't many,
Of white there are a few;
Red and pink are plentiful,
All sparkling with the dew.

'T is June that brings the straw-
berries
So luscious and so sweet;
I like to sit in shade of trees
And eat and eat and eat.



"SKUNK." BY GEORGINA E. MCCALL, AGE 17.
(FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"WHITE-CRESTED NUTHATCH." BY SAMUEL DOWSE ROBBINS,
AGE 16. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")



"WILD DUCKS." BY L. S. TAYLOR, AGE 15.
(THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

FAMILY TRADITIONS.

BY OLIVE MUDIE COOKE (AGE 14).

MOST families have a tradition, but there are few which date back as far as the early Norsemen.

The Mudies were great vikings, who were famous not only for their great and endless courage, skill, and strength, but for their mercy toward those weaker than themselves. They were never known to bring about any revenge, except once, when a member of their family was taken prisoner and the "Blood Eagle" cut upon him. For a long time they sought the man who had done this, and, when they found him, treated him even as he had treated their relative.

In later days it became the custom for the vikings who inhabited the islands round Scotland to be stood up in their armor when they died, instead of being given a burning journey to Valhalla, with their ships and slain followers. Until about fifty years ago two of

our ancestors stood thus, and the nurses used to frighten the children by telling them that the Mudies would fetch them.

My grandfather, the founder of Mudie's Library, was having some pipes mended in the library, and the workmen noticed that the walls sounded as if there were another room next to the one they were in.

Upon examination a sealed door was discovered. This was opened, and a room found containing silver, etc., of the time of Charles I, some of which was very valuable, and given to the British Museum.

A JUNE SONG.

BY EVA LEVY (AGE 15).

OH, the roses all are blooming,
pink and yellow, white and red,
And the bluets shy are peeping
now from out their grassy bed,
And the bluebells all are chiming
low a merry, merry tune,
And my heart sings to their music,
"It is June, oh, it is June!"

Blue and cloudless are the heavens,
soft and balmy is the air,
And the breezes all are whispering,
"Was there ever month so fair?"

All around the birds are caroling
a happy, happy tune,
And my heart joins in with rapture,
"It is June, oh, it is June!"

And the softly flowing river over which the willows nod
Sings, as ever on it ripples, of the wondrous love of God.
And the sunshine and the flowers seem to catch and
hold the tune,
And my heart joins in with gladness, "It is June, oh, it
is June!"

Every creature feels the happiness pervading all the air;
Every creature seems to sing in praise of June, that
month so rare.
Oh, the whole world seems a-ringing, and the burden
of the tune
Suits the words my heart is singing—"It is June, oh,
it is June!"

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY MARJORIE E. PARKS (AGE 13).

In the olden times when hand-engines were used, my
twice-great-uncle, Isaac Harris, was an active volunteer
fireman, as most of the men were then. It was the
custom in those days to keep in the houses two or



"COMPANIONS." BY EILEEN LAWRENCE SMITH, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

three leather buckets, to be used in cases of emergency.
When there was a fire, every one would seize their
buckets, fill them with water, and rush to help put out
the fire.

At the time to which I refer, the famous Old South
Church in Boston was on fire. The date was December
31, 1810.

Among the first to arrive on the scene was my great-
great-uncle, who immediately saw what needed to
be done. So he climbed to the roof of the church,
poured on the water, and then with an ax cut the burn-
ing portion from the building. For this brave act he
was presented with a massive silver pitcher by the
citizens of Boston.

This Isaac Harris was a mast-maker by trade, and
furnished the masts for the famous United States
frigate *Constitution*, popularly known as "Old Iron-
sides."

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY MARGARET P. HASTINGS (AGE 12).

WHEN my grandmother was a little girl she used to
visit at Mount Vernon, Virginia, a great deal, as she
was a great favorite of Mrs. Washington, the mother of
Augustin Washington, the last owner of Mount Vernon,
and was also her cousin.

When she grew older, this cousin gave her a pair of
gold shoulder sleeve-buttons, which were always said to
have belonged to Pocahontas, who wore them to fasten
her sleeves on the shoulder when she was presented at
court in England.

This pair of shoulder sleeve-buttons consist of four
little buttons; each two are linked together, as some
cuff-buttons are, only these buttons are a great deal
smaller.

One reason I like this story so much is because I
have one of the buttons on a necklace.

A JUNE SONG.

BY SIBYL KENT STONE (AGE 14).

OH, a ruddy shaft of sunlight now paints
the whole world gold;
The dew is sparkling on the grass, the air
is fresh and cold,
And the countless cobwebs glimmer, all wet
and white with dew;
Robin-redbreasts sing with joy, and sunlit
skies are blue.

For June, the month of day-dreams, has
come again this year;
Birds are sailing overhead—their countless
songs we hear.
The murmur of the skylark, up in the sky
so blue,
Seems now to say, "Oh, dreamy month,
to thee my heart is true."

Come out into the sunlight, come out and
dream with me;
Come where the zephyrs gently blow, where
drowsy hums the bee.
Come out, my little dreamer, and sing a
merry tune;
For all the birds that ever sang proclaim
the month of June.

A JUNE SONG.

BY JOSEPHINE WHITBECK (AGE 10).

(Written on a very stormy day in March.)

IN June the cold wind never blows;
It never rains, nor hails, nor snows;
There is no slippery ice about—
But flowers bloom day in, day out.
It would not be so drear
If June were only here.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY ELISABETH CLARK (AGE 13).

ONE bright day, August 16, 1782, the white men
of Bryant's Station discovered some Indians skulking in
the edge of the woods, as if to take the fort by surprise.
The men were prepared for an attack, except they had
no water. The spring was a little way outside the fort.
To get the water was the work of the women, and if the
men went now the Indians would know that they were
discovered. The men told the women how it was, and

my twice-great-grandmother Johnson was the first to volunteer to go. Then the other women and girls said they would go. Grandmother had four children in the fort: Betsey, Sallie, James, and baby Richard M. Johnson (who afterward killed Tecumseh and was Vice-President of the United States). Betsey was old enough to go to the spring, while Sallie took care of James and Richard. The women went to the spring laughing and talking as if there were no Indians in gun-shot. They got back to the fort with the water. The Indians attacked the fort. After a hard fight some men rode up on horseback and the Indians ran away. There is now a wall around the spring and memorial tablets to the brave women of Bryant's Station.

LIFE'S SPRINGTIME.

BY THEODOSIA D. JESSUP (AGE 11).

THE sky is of an azure blue,
Warm breezes softly blow,
Pink brier-roses blossom too,
The violet bloometh low.

Far away on the purple hills,
Snow melteth fast from sight;
The very clouds once dark and gray
Are now a fleecy white.

So is the springtime of our youth,
When wants and cares are few,
When life's stream is a sparkling rill,
And skies are always blue.

A FAMILY TRADITION.

BY LOIS GERTRUDE STEVENS (AGE 6).

THE shortest tradition in our family is about the three men who captured Major André as he galloped along the Tarrytown road. My great-grandma's cousin said: "You are our prisoner; get off your horse." A monument marks the spot where they seized and searched him.



"COMPANIONS." BY FRANCES BRYANT GODWIN, AGE 11.
(SILVER BADGE.)



"JUNE." BY ROBERT EDMUND JONES, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN MYTHOLOGY.

BY LAWRENCE HARGER DOOLITTLE (AGE 12).

IN the Norse mythology, Thor is the god of thunder. He fights the giants with his magic hammer, Mjöllnir, which returns to his hand when he throws it. The giants are always trying to get into Asgard, the home of the gods, and they know if they can get hold of the hammer they can accomplish their end.

One morning when Thor awoke he could not find the hammer. Then he thought of the giants, so he sent Loki (the god of fire) to look for it. Loki borrowed the falcon-guise of Freyja (goddess of love), and flew away to Jötunheim, the home of the frost-giants. Here he saw Thrym, their chief, sitting on a mountain, making collars for his dogs.

"Welcome, Loki," said he; "how fares it with the gods and elves, and what brings you here?"

"It fares ill with both gods and elves since you stole Thor's hammer," replied Loki, "and I have come to find it."

The giant laughed and said, "You won't find it, for I have buried it eight miles underground, and I won't give it up unless I get Freyja for a wife."

Loki flew back to Asgard and told Thor, but Freyja indignantly refused.

So Thor, dressed and veiled like a bride and with Loki disguised as a servant-maid, journeyed to Jötunheim. When Thrym saw them coming he ordered the wedding-feast prepared. The bride's appetite aroused Thrym's suspicions, but Loki explained that Freyja was so happy that she had fasted for eight days. This pleased Thrym very much, and he carefully lifted the edge of the veil, but when he saw the bride's eyes he jumped back the whole length of the room.

"Why are Freyja's eyes so sharp?" he asked.

"Oh," said Loki, "she was so anxious to come here that she has n't slept for a week."

Thrym ordered the hammer brought in, that it might be used in the marriage ceremony. No sooner had the hammer been laid in the bride's lap than she tore off her veil, and there stood Thor, hurling the hammer right and left.

Thrym was punished, and Asgard safe once more.



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY JOSEPH W. MCGURK, AGE 17.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of St. Nicholas readers. The membership is free. A League badge and an information leaflet will be mailed on application.

PANDORA.

BY HELEN A. RUSSELL (AGE 11).

A LONG time ago there lived, in a large house, all alone, a little boy named Epimetheus. At this time there was no trouble or sickness in the world and no one grew old.

One day some one brought a little girl about Epimetheus's age to live with him. Her name was Pandora.

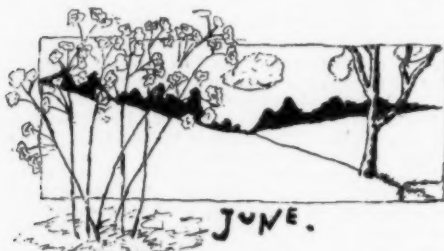
A little while before, a large box had been left with Epimetheus, and he had been told never to open it, or to let any one else. Almost as soon as Pandora came she asked what was in the box. Epimetheus told her that he did not know, and he had been told not to let any one open it.

Pandora did not like it because she could not see what was in it, and she soon became cross and bothered Epimetheus. She tried very hard to make him let her open it, but he would not.

Later, when Epimetheus went out to get some food, Pandora went to the box and gazed at it. At last she started to open it. Just as she began to lift the lid, the door opened and Epimetheus came in, but Pandora did not hear him. He saw what she was doing, but did not try to stop her. When she opened the box, a great many little insects flew out and stung them. Soon they



"COMPANIONS." BY MARGERY BRADSHAW, AGE 15.



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY HELEN WILSON, AGE 9.

flew around and stung a great many other people. These insects were called Troubles.

A long time after this, Pandora and Epimetheus heard a sweet little voice coming from the box, and after much coaxing they opened the box again, and a beautiful little creature called Hope flew out. She helped every one, and healed the wounds made by the Troubles.

NEW CHAPTERS.

No. 710. Alfred Germann, President; Harry Hartmen, Secretary; six members. Address, 85 Jefferson Ave., Jersey City Heights, N. J.

No. 711. Nuhfer Moulton, Secretary; ten members. Address, Plain City, Ohio.

No. 712. "Children of Love and Truth." Elizabeth Marchant, President and Secretary; five members. Address, 537 York St., Camden, N. J.

No. 713. Edwin Sides, President; Thomas Sullivan, Secretary; five members. Address, 10 Mill St., South Groveland, Mass.

No. 714. Ina Austin, President; Edith Van Horn, Secretary; six members. Address, Wellsboro, Pa.

No. 715. "George Washington." Fred Tobin, President; Alice McGrath, Secretary; four members. Address, 68 Canal St., New Haven, Conn.

No. 716. "Electa Sex." Mildred Cram, President; Dorothy Ridgely, Secretary; six members. Address, 1925 7th Ave., New York City.

No. 717. "Triangle." Louise Fitz, President; Rosalind Case, Secretary; three members. Address, Peconic, L. I., N. Y.

No. 718. "Little Women." Katharine Norton, President; Margaret Norton, Secretary; four members. Address, 216 Homer St., Newton Center, Mass.

No. 719. Egbert Spencer, President; Allen Schauffer, Secretary; eight members. Address, Box 437, Highland Park, Ill.

No. 720. "Bell Chapter." Marion Hays, President; Florence Mooney, Secretary; sixty members. Address, care of Miss Fuld, 130 E. 110th St., New York City.

No. 721. "Happy Hour." Celia Middleman, President; Minnie Middleman, Secretary; six members. Address, 727 Lombard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 722. "Three Little Chickadees." Bessie Tappan, President; Lillian Aspinall, Secretary; three members. Address, Firthcliffe, N. Y.

No. 723. Eunice Barrow, President; Joyce Bovee, Secretary; eight members. Address, Pocahontas, Iowa.

No. 724. William White, President; Arthur Read, Secretary; two members. Address, 354 Clinton Rd., Brookline, Mass.

No. 725. John O'Callaghan, President; nine members. Address, 113 Smith St., Roxbury, Mass.

No. 726. Marion Peirce, President; Margaret Jaques, Secretary; nine members. Address, 608 Ferry St., Lafayette, Ind.

No. 727. "Columbine." Harry Palmer, President; Donald Jackson, Secretary; five members. Address, 3347 King St., Denver, Col.

No. 728. "Tuesday Afternoon Club." Ernestine Senter, President; eleven members. Address, 69 Miller Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

No. 729. "Au Fait." Marguerite Mills, President; Marguerite Fietsch, Secretary; eleven members. Address, 342 Home St., Oak Park, Ill.

No. 730. "Sunshine Circle." Mary Bulloch, President; Jeanie Sampson, Secretary; six members. Address, Shelbyville, Ky.

No. 731. "Pen and Ink." Louis Pavis, President; Moses Weiss, Secretary; three members. Address, 314 Reed St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No. 732. Douglas Sharpe, Secretary; nine members. Address, Greensboro, N. C.

No. 733. "The Torch." Neill Wilson, Secretary; six members. Address, 1415 Clinton Ave., Alameda, Cal.

No. 734. "Merry Links." Gertrude O'Brien, President; Christine Schöff, Secretary; nine members. Address, Norfolk, Conn.

No. 735. Adelaide Stiles, President; Harriet Lish, Secretary; five members. Address, Clifton Springs, N. Y.

LEAGUE LETTERS.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been away from home for some time, and I have just received the cash prize which you were so kind as to award me.

Some of the League members have written that when they received the silver badge they thought it charming, but when the gold badge came they thought that still more beautiful. So I may write that when I received the gold badge I thought it very beautiful indeed, but when I received the cash prize I thought *that* still more beautiful. I never thought that I could write anything worthy of the Great Unattainable, as I regarded it, and I was afraid that I should reach the advanced age of eighteen without satisfying my ambition; so you can imagine my delight when I read my name among the awards.

I suppose that I am not permitted to enter the competitions any longer, but I hope that you will let me send my contributions, because I should hate to consider myself out of the League.

Thanking you for your kindness and encouragement, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

SIDONIA DEUTSCH.



"AHEAD FOR
JUNE."
BY JOSEPHINE
ARNOLD BONNEY,
AGE 15.

NEW YORK.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The other day my brother came home with such a long face that I immediately inquired the trouble. "Because I have no poem to recite on Lincoln's birthday," he replied. "Have n't you a book with some poems relating to Lincoln?" he continued. "No," I answered, "but—oh, yes!" I exclaimed; "go up to my room, and on my bookcase you will find the February ST. NICHOLAS."

He took it to school, and in the afternoon he came home with the news that the teacher had selected a poem for him to recite from the St. Nicholas League, written by a boy eleven years old! But this was not all. She gave four more boys poems from the League, not allowing them to recite those that she had previously given them.

Now, what do you think of that, dear old ST. NICHOLAS?

Ever your devoted reader,

RITA WANNINGER.

SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: What a kind, indulgent saint you are! This gold badge is so beautiful that I can hardly think it is really mine; everybody says it is lovely, and I thank you so much for it. I think it is so friendly when other nations allow us to share their child-honors. It seems as if I must be feeling just a little bit like Lord Robt with his Prussian Order of the Red Eagle, or some Englishman who has been decorated with the French Legion of Honor. But I am very proud of my own national emblems, though I cannot wear them for anything I have done.

Thank you again for printing my letter last October. I have now five American correspondents wanting to exchange wild flower specimens, so you will have given pleasure to six of us. Mother wants you to know that I have the Bible for Children which is advertised in ST. NICHOLAS. She says it is the only child's Bible she has seen that seems like a real Bible, outside and in, and I love to have it. If ever I should be so very fortunate as to win a cash prize, I wonder if I should be allowed to have a book instead? Dear ST. NICHOLAS, in giving me the chance to try with others, you have given me one of the best pleasures I have ever had. I read every single thing in the League pages, and often wish I could do as well; but of course I have a long time left to try in and my badge is a great encouragement. As I am quite a small member of ST. NICHOLAS, I will sign myself,

Your loving little friend,

ELSA CLARK.

VOL. XXXI.—96.

BURLINGTON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not know how to thank you enough for the lovely badge you sent me.

After trying for two years to gain such an honor, and when I was despairing of ever getting such a beautiful prize, to have it come was too good to be true. Thanking you again and again, I am

Your devoted League member,

HELEN F. CARTER.

MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little army girl. My father and mother and little sister have lived in an army post or on detail as long as I can remember. My father was wounded very badly at San Juan Hill, so is not fit for service. We are here waiting retirement. I thought when I came here that the barracks ought to be on three sides and the officers' quarters on the fourth. We had a little school at the last fort I was at. Most of the children are in the Philippines now. Some of the children had been in Porto Rico and could speak Spanish like natives. I must stop.

Yours lovingly, KATHERINE KIRKWOOD SCOTT (age 9).

NEWTON, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I belong to the Newton Chapter of the League, of which I inclose a photograph. The dog, my French poodle, is an honorary member of our club. We made fifty-eight dollars at a fair last summer, which we sent to the "Tribune" Fresh Air Fund. Last month we had a progressive pit party and dance at a hall in town and entertained about fifty guests. We had great fun.

Wishing success and a long life to the League, I remain,
Your devoted reader,
FLORENCE R. T. SMITH.

CHICAGO, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I can never thank you enough for all you have done for me. Since I joined the League all my teachers have remarked how improved my literary work is, but I think I was a bit doubtful until I received that second prize for a story that I made up.

Ever your loving reader,
DOROTHEA THOMPSON.

DECATUR, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Are you pleased to know that your readers especially enjoy certain articles?

We think the story "Jack an' Me," by Albert Bigelow Paine, is one of the best little child-stories the ST. NICHOLAS has had—and we appreciate the use of the word "lovely." Then, too, we admire "Happy Days," in the December number: "ribbons crack," "the end of a distant sound"—please have the author write some more verses.

With our good wishes to these two writers especially, we are
SOCIETAS PUELLARUM.

OTHER appreciative and interesting letters have been received from Alice J. Goas, Ruth Wales, Helen Patch, Beatrice Fagon Cockle, Mary Elmira Heiner, Nannie C. Barr, Marjorie Shriver, Ada G. Kendall, Katherine Bagaley, Anna A. Fichtner, Elizabeth S. Mills, Florence R. T. Smith, Thomas J. League, Pearl Blucher, E. Adelaide Hahn, Sadie Silver, Bonnie Bonner, Emily Rose Burt, Marion Thomas, Dulcie Power, Dorothea Porterfield, Ada H. Case, Ella May Davis, Maria Arpesani, Oscar D. Stevenson, Anna Clark Buchanan, Helen J. Beshgetour, Ruth C. Stebbins, Elsa Van Nes, Grace Haren, Madge Pulsford, Madge Oakley, Sally Colston, Winifred Hutchings, Rea Schimpeler, Floyd L. Mitchell, Margaret H. Bennett, Agnes Rutherford, Gladys V. Stuart, Frank Überroth, Eleanor Clarke, Edith Rachel Kaufman, and Helen Weidenfeld.



THE NEWTON CHAPTER. (SEE LETTER ABOVE.)



"A HEADING FOR JUNE." BY EDGAR DANIELS, AGE 17.

THE ROLL OF HONOR.

Selected from more than twelve hundred contributors.
No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.
No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

VERSE 1.

Katherine T. Halsey
Maud Dudley Shackelford
William Laird Brown
Mary Travis Heward
Marguerite Borden
A. Elizabeth Goldberg
Marion Prince
Elsie T. Weil
Emily Rose Burt
Louisa F. Spear
Myra Bradwell Helmer
Kate Huntington Tiemann
Carl Olsen
Dorothy Walker
Ruth Grey De Pledge
Charles Irish Preston
Jessica Nelson North
Carolyn Bulley
Elizabeth C. Beale
Madeleine Fuller McDowell
Georgiana Myers Sturdee
Pemberton H. Whitney
Henrietta Craig Dow
Louise Russell
Louise Heffern
Natalie Wurts
Aurilia Michener
Carolyn Coit Stevens
Gertrude Louise Cannon
Gertrude Wilcox
Marie C. Wennerberg
Dorothea M. Dexter
Daisy E. Brettell
Anita Bradford
Mary Veula Westcott
Helen M. Spear
Beulah H. Ridgeway
Doris Franklyn
Katharine Monica Hurton
B. A. Mann
Helen Copeland
Coombs
Nannie C. Barr
Rachel Bulley
Gwenllian Peirson
Turner
Margaret C. Ritchey
Glady's Nelson
Ray Randall
Emmeline Bradshaw
Magdalene Barry
Katherine Scheffel
Mena Blumenfeld
H. Mabel Sawyer
Greta W. Kernan
Rita Pearson
Dorothy Stabler
Esther Galbraith
Julia Cooley
Elizabeth Burrage
Gertrude E. Ten Eyck

Lily Pearson
Marjorie Meeker
Elsa Clark
Virginia Coyne

VERSE 2.

Laura Gregg
May Henderson Ryan
Georgia Spears
Agnes Dorothy Campbell
Catherine E. Campbell
Elsie Kimball Wells
May Margaret Bevier
Alice Braunlich
Florence L. Adams
Maude C. Douglas
Elizabeth Lee
Ruth T. Abbott
Richard Rea Montgomery
Austin O'Connor
Charles H. Price, Jr.
Florence Isabel Miller
Laura Brown
Helene Esberg
Ramon de François
Alice Moore
Rebecca Faddis
Benjamin Hitz
Mabel Robinson
Ray Murray
Elizabeth Cocke
Helen Louise Stevens
Wilbur K. Bates
Corinna Long
Margaret Benedict
Mary C. Nash
Dorothy H. Ebersole
Marie Armstrong
Harold K. Norris
Mary Patton
Marjorie Patterson
Susan Warren Wilbur
Kathleen Burgess
Freda M. Harrison
Katharine Norton
Mary C. Smith
Katharina Goetz
Gretchen Strong
Evelyn Uhler
Angeline Michel
Mildred Eareckson
Katharine Leeming
Florence Hewlett
Alice Trimble
Jean Dickerson
Marion E. Bradley
Sarah Yale Carey
George Currie Evans
Alice Perkins
Dorothy Joyce
Grace Leslie Johnston
Robert J. Martin
Medora Addison

PROSE 1.

Willia Nelson
Helen Lorenz

John N. Wilkinson, Jr.
Julia Bryant Collier
Eleanor Wyman
Marguerite Stevenson
Anna Loraine Washburn
Edmund Randolph Brown
Katharine L. Marvin
Jessie Freeman Foster
Ruth Fletcher
Mildred M. Whitney
Elizabeth S. Brengle
Marion A. Rubicam
Margaret
Marion Phelps
John Paulding Browne
Sarah Hall Gaither
Melicent Eva Humason
Frances Renshaw
Latzke
William A. R. Ransom
Gertrude Trumplette
Katherine Palmer
Anna Gardiner
Robert Gillett
Ida Busser
Dorothy Kuhns
Fay Memory
Myrtle Willis Morse
Gertrudyt Beekman
Priscilla Alden Clarke
Marjory Fitch McQuiston
Elizabeth P. Defandorf
Nell Kerr
Mary Williamson
Louise M. Hains
William Hazlett Upson
Margaret Carpenter
Margaret Stone
Edith J. Minaker
Jeanette Dair Garside
Lillian May Chapman
Else Buchenberger
Glady's Hodson
R. F. Andrews
Katherine Olivia Leech
William G. Maupin
Juliette Gates
Blanche Leeming
Kate Cleaver Heffelfinger
Mary Graham Bonner
Mary R. Adam
Dorothy Felt
Harriette Kyler Pease
Twila Agnes McDowell
Lola Hall
Bessie Miller
Marguerite Kershner
Doris Neel
Caroline Sinkler
Frederic Olsen
Fulvia Varvaro
Sally Nelson Catlett
Florence Hanawalt

PROSE 2.

Jessie B. Coit
Mildred Newman
Marion Elizabeth Ingalls
Fern L. Patten
Mary Hatch
Natalie Pearson
Eleanor Hathorne
Bailey
Helen J. Simpson
France J. Shriver
Kathryn Sprague
G. Virginia Robinson
Marguerite Eugenie Stevens
Florence Montague
Urath Brown Sutton
Laura B. Weil
Christine Graham
Constance Dorothy Collins
Dorothy Davis
Elizabeth R. Marvin
Emelyn Ten Eyck
Evelyn Corne
Mary Pemberton
Nourse
E. Vincent Milloy
Barbara Cheney
Andrew Robinson
John McCoy
Marie Willet
Olga Maria Kolff
Stanley F. Moodie
June Denning
Willis L. Osborn
John K. Wright
Helen Mabry Boucher
Ballard
Eleanor P. Wheeler
Richard J. Lewis
Mary E. Pidgeon
Marjorie Moore
Anna Michener
Doris M. Smith
Theodore Wells
Dorothy Kavanaugh
Mercie Williamson
Vieva Marie Fisher
Nan Ball
Mary Merrill Foster
Volney Parker
Anora Coon
Donald W. Campbell
Paul S. Arnold
Mary Washington Ball
Vera M. Stevens
Lucy S. Taylor
Stanley W. McNeill
Martha H. Ordway
Katherine MacLaren
Charles F. Fuller
Eleanor White
Louis Alexander
Sidney B. Bowne
Rita Wanning
Charles Deane
Lillian May Chapman
Else Buchenberger
Glady's Hodson
R. F. Andrews
Katherine Olivia Leech
William G. Maupin
Juliette Gates
Blanche Leeming
Kate Cleaver Heffelfinger
Mary Graham Bonner
Mary R. Adam
Dorothy Felt
Harriette Kyler Pease
Twila Agnes McDowell
Lola Hall
Bessie Miller
Marguerite Kershner
Doris Neel
Caroline Sinkler
Frederic Olsen
Fulvia Varvaro
Sally Nelson Catlett
Florence Hanawalt

Eva L. Pitts
Helen Wilson Barnes
Gerald F. Smith
Gratia B. Camp
Joseph A. Allen
Winifred Davis
Lucy Du Bois Porter
Arla Stevens
Gertrude M. Schell
Margaret Griffith
Marguerite Clark White
Glady's M. McCain
Louise Fitz
Rex E. Daggett
Katharine Deering
Pauline M. Dakin
Winnie B. Wilson
Helen Manning McNair
Maria Tilton Wead
Mary Thornton
Henry Reginald Carey
Evelyn Adriance
Kate King Morrison
Eleanor Clarke
Allen Castleman
May A. Bacon
Mary E. Mead
Elizabeth R. Van Brunt
Arnold W. Jacobson
Katharine Oliver
Isabella Howland
Ruth A. Johnson
Annie Brownie Samell
Marjorie Garland
Marion Cheney
Alice Keating
Tom Ross
Helen De Wolf
Bertha Moore
Marguerite Stuart
Ethel V. Brand
Frieda Rabinowitz

DRAWINGS 1.

Stephen Cochran
Florence Gardiner
Genevieve Parker
Ruth Parshall Brown
Phyllis Lyster
Gurdon Williams
H. B. Lachman
Louise Converse
Margaret Lantz Daniell
Ella E. Preston
Alice Josephine Goss
Mildred Curran Smith
Bessie T. Griffith
H. Albert Sohl
Edw. Louis Kastler
Melville C. Levey
M. C. Kinney
W. Whitford
Marjorie Gilbert Savin
Eleanor Kinsey
Helen M. Rowland
Dorothy Sturgis
Carolyn S. Fisher
Margaret S. Gamble
Nadine Bowles
Talbot F. Hamlin
Margaret Robbins
Sara D. Burge
Carolyn Sherman
Dorothy Mulford Riggs
Ethel Messervy
Jane Meldrin
Helen Wilson
Margaret McKeon
Katherine Gibson
Helen May Baker
Cecil D. Murray
Carolyn C. Hutchings
Eleanor R. Chapin
Katherine Dulcibella Barbour
John S. Trowbridge
Stephanie Balderston
Catherine Chapin
Rosamond Ritchie
Mary McLeran
Rose T. Briggs
Dorothy Ochtman

Charles T. Blakeslee
Walter Burton Nourse
Margaret Huggins
Marie Atkinson
David B. Campbell
Fayette Crowley
Mary E. Cromer
Helen Waterman

DRAWINGS 2.

Miles S. Gates
Philip Little
Helen L. Slack
Alice Paine
Margaret A. Dobson
Adelaide Mott
Thomas H. Foley
A. Sheldon Pennoyer
Margery Fulton
James Barrett
Minnie Gwyn
Phoebe Wilkinson
Sidney Moise
Katharine Crouse
Edith Boardman
Caroline Latzke
Lucy E. B. Mackenzie
Ernest J. Clare
Katharine Bigelow
Robert W. Foulke
Charles H. Fulton
Ruth Felt
Laura Janvri
E. Beatrice Marsh
Dorothy Richardson
Frances R. Newcomb
Frances Hays
Meade Bolton
Helen G. Bower
Charles Vallee
Helen H. de Veer
Elsa Kahn
Leonie Nathan
Gretchen Rupp
Marion K. Cobb
Elizabeth Chase Burt
Louise Seymour
Loretta O'Connell
Marguerite M. Cree
Albert Mark
Marguerite W. Watson
Mildred D. Yewaine
Elizabeth Osborne
Maize Russell
Will Herrick
Rufy F. Grimwood
Winifred M. Voelcker
Elizabeth Hogan
Ruth E. Hutchins
Elizabeth Wilcox Pardee
Newton J. Schroeder
Edna Baer
Carl Pretzel
Leona Trubel
Margaret E. Corwin
Hal Meader
Anton A. Sellner
Glady's A. Lathrop
Wilmer Hoffman
Margaret Ellen Payne
Harriette Barney Burt
Annette Brown
Henry Olen
Julia Wilder Kurtz
Eleanor Isabel Towne
Catharine Pratt
Mary A. Baker
Arthur Toth
Winifred Hamilton
Elizabeth L. Brown
Elizabeth Flynn
Dorothy Elizabeth Berry
Kenneth E. Hicks
Dorothy Berry
Grace F. Slack
Dorothy Longstreth
S. Louise Hale
Florence Forstall
Marcia Hoyt
Mildred Andrus

Betty Lockett
Margaret Josephans
Sidney Edward Dickenson
Charlotte Brate
Theodore Brill
Charlotte Ball
Mary Cooper
Mary Clarke
Helen C. Wallenstein
Alice Brabant
Eunice McGilvra
Anita Moffatt
Jesse Hewitt
J. Harry Drake
Elizabeth S. Fishplate
Rena Kellner
Margaret Hazen
Eleanor Sanger
Aline J. Dreyfus
Madeleine Sweet
Marjorie L. McCurdy
Martha M. Matthews
Anne Furman Goldsmith
Katherine Godwin
Parker
Jack Plantin
Thomas Sullivan
Kate Fishel
Mabel E. Roosevelt
Phoebe U. Hunter
Louise Garst
Katharine T. Graves
Jeannette McAlpin
Ruth Drake
Gertrude Leadingham
Hermann Schussler
Margaret King
Mary Taussig
John Rodney Marsh

Eleanor Jackson
May W. Ball
Isabel H. Blackader
Lillian Hogan
Ellen F. Ladin
Hattie Prutsman
Ruth Horney
Alice Tweedy
Margaret Ramsay
Eva Pattison
Winifred Hutchings
Lillian Mudge
Olive Garrison
Dwight E. Benedict
Kneeland Green
Beatrice Carleton
Eleanor S. Wilson
Margaret B. McElroy
Bruce K. Steele
Marguerite Schaefer
Dorothy Flynn
Helen V. Tooker
Dorothy G. Stewart
Charlotte B. Williams
Lelia V. Remnitz
Frances W. Varrell
Catherine Leland
Harry G. Martin
Alice Appleton
Raymond E. Cox
Florence Clement
Freda Kirchwey
Rachel Wyse
Alice W. Hinds
Delphina L. Hammer
Ellen Winters
Margaret B. Richardson
Dorothy P. Hutchins
Margaret Sweet
Ilae Knauth

Jamie Douglas
Ivan Lee Osborne
Merman Goebel
Charles D. Swayze
Irene Loughborough
Marie Madeleine Utard
Frances Hale Burt
Hilda Metcalf
Ethel C. Daggett
Louise A. Mullins
Charlotte St. George
Nourse
Gertrude B. West
Franklin Speir
Anna K. Cook
Willie E. Crocker
Kenneth Connolly
Ruth H. Matz
Homer M. Smith
Harry Hayden

Randolph Fletcher
Brown
Lucia Warden
Hattie Cheney
PHOTOGRAPHS 1.
Gerome Odgen
Chester S. Wilson
Carola Glasgow
Bonner Pennybacker
Herbert Powers
Shirley Willis
Margaret Scott
Betty Millet
Dorothy Wormser
Harold K. Schoff
Gordon Fletcher
Elizabeth H. Webster
Harry Lefebvre

Helen Kimball
Mary Sprague
Alec Sisson
Agnes C. Cochran
Mercedes Huntington
Elizabeth Heath Rice
Julius Bien
Margaret B. Copeland
Linda Scarritt
PHOTOGRAPHS 2.
Anna Clark Buchanan
Clinton H. Smith
Frank G. Pratt
Alice Clark
Edwin Shoemaker
Helen Pierce Metcalf
Elizabeth Morrison
Martha Gruening [Jr.
Richard de Charms
Ruth Helen Brerley
Frances Goldy Budd
M. N. Stiles
Clara Williamson
Barbara Hinkley
Elsie Wormser
Harold Normand
Schreuder
Edith M. Hobson
Freda Messervy
Theodora Van Wageningen
Heyliger de Windt
Bessie Hedge
Adelaide Gillis
Lionel Jealous
Francis Bassett
Helen Banister
Kendall Bushnell
Gwendolen Scarritt

Godfrey Richards
Thorne
J. Paulding Brown
Rutherford Platt
George F. Bliven
Mary Sanger

PUZZLES 1.
Mildred Martin
Alice Knowles
Anna M. Neuburger
E. Adelaide Hahn
Emerson G. Sutcliffe
Mary E. Dunbar
Elizabeth T. Harned
Margaret R. Merriam
Cornelia London
Adeline Thomas
Oscar C. Lautz
Elizabeth Berry
Douglas Todd
Louise Reynders
Elizabeth C. Hurd
Margaret McKnight
Elinor Dodsworth
Helen R. Howard
Harvey Deschere
Horace Platt
Seward C. Simons

PUZZLES 2.
Hope Adgate Conant
Cassius M. Clay, Jr.
Christine Graham
Robert Raymond
Claire L. Sidenberg
Margery Brown
Horace B. Forman
Marjorie Shriver
Henry H. Houston

ST NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEADING." BY E. A. CHRISTENSEN, AGE 17.

PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 57.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place.

Competition No. 57 will close **June 20** (for foreign members **June 25**). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for September.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Title: to contain the word "Good-by" or "Farewell."

Prose. Article or story of not more than four hundred words to relate some incident connected with the "Louisiana Purchase."

Photograph. Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "What we Left Behind."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "Portrait from Life" and "A Heading or Tailpiece for September."

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

Puzzle-answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

Wild Animal or Bird Photograph. To encourage the pursuing

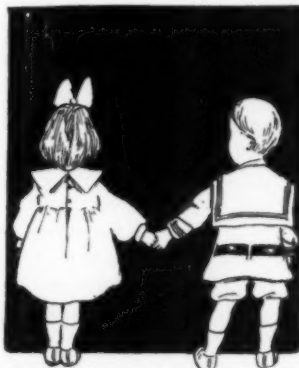
of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: *First Prize*, five dollars and League gold badge. *Second Prize*, three dollars and League gold badge. *Third Prize*, League gold badge.

RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only. Address:

The St. Nicholas League,
Union Square, New York.



"GOOD-BY." BY ANNA ZUCKER, AGE 16.

BOOKS AND READING.

THE LITERATURE OF PLACES. It will not require much questioning to find out what books refer to the very part of the country where you are going to spend your vacation, and it adds greatly to the interest of your reading if you can at the same time identify the very places referred to in the book. If you know where you are going, be sure to find out whether there is not some book worth reading that relates to the town or region in which your summer is to be passed. Cooper's stories, and Irving's, to say nothing of more recent works, relate to many localities in New York State, where thousands of young people will spend the summer months, and you will best appreciate their descriptions if you are amid the very scenes described. If there is no fiction that tells about the places you will see, there is always an interesting local history.

You may find yourself on some old battlefield, or taking a country walk along some road by which an army marched in Revolutionary days, or in the neighborhood of a historic building, and in this way your reading will assume a vividness that will impress it upon your memory for all time.

PICTURE AND MAP DRAWING. THE St. Nicholas League has proved that thousands of our young readers can handle their pencils with skill. Do they ever try to make their reading more clear to their own minds by drawing illustrations or maps or plans of the scenes and incidents described? There is no better way of making one's ideas definite. In drawing the main outlines of a scene, you will find it becomes necessary to have it all clearly in mind, and no doubt you will need to refer to your book more than once before fixing precisely upon your composition. To take an old book, for example, it will be found most interesting to make a map or rough plan of Robinson Crusoe's island, showing where he was wrecked, where he found his cave, the hill from which he saw the savages approaching in their canoe, where the rescue of Friday took

place, and so on. In historical stories the task will be even more interesting and valuable, and in well-written books you will be repeating the work of the author in preparing himself to write the story.

If this suggestion is carried out, we should be glad to examine the work of any of our young artists or map-makers, and perhaps show an interesting example of good work to other of the young readers of St. NICHOLAS.

SUMMER BOOKS. BESIDES the real outdoor books there are others suitable for the days when all nature is inviting the children to playtime. There are books of lightness in style and subject that may be taken up and put down again without serious interruption to your enjoyment of them. Such are best suited for your general summer reading, when you are likely to be called at any moment to make one in a foursome, or in tennis-doubles, to go for a walk with a lover of flowers, or to ramble along the brookside with the seeker of specimens for an aquarium. The time spent outdoors will never make you the worse reader of good books.

All the greatest writers have loved nature, and you will appreciate them the more for knowing more intimately the beauties of nature.

He who spends all his time over books and none out of doors is but half a student.

GOING ABROAD. IT has been wisely said that one sees only what the eyes are prepared to see; which means, of course, that each of us notices most carefully the things he considers interesting. A trip across the ocean and through the storied lands of the Old World has a value depending entirely upon the person who takes it. One, who has by reading made ready to understand the associations called up by old cities, towns, castles, and monuments, will experience a series of golden days; another, not so prepared, will perhaps come home with no memories save those of the little discomforts of travel.

In a way, one's whole life may be compared

to a journey through the world; and whether that journey be happy or the reverse may in the same way depend greatly upon the preparation made for it in youth. From the best writers we learn to see the romance and poetry in every-day life; and this, besides the direct pleasure they give us, is one of the best reasons for choosing these volumes for our reading in youth.

THE LOVER OF BOOKS. THERE is the greatest difference in the way of handling books. You may almost tell whether a boy or girl is a true book-lover by seeing how they treat the books they read. There is a daintiness of handling, a respect for good books, shown by all who have learned what a volume may represent, and, on the contrary, a carelessness and indifference that prove how little books mean to some others. There are exceptions, however; for no one would consider Dr. Johnson indifferent to good literature, and yet he is reported to have been a cruel user of books—utterly careless of a volume when he had once finished with it.

It is hard to understand how one can be indifferent to the fate of a good book. There is always some one to whom it would be useful, even if you have done with it. A true book-lover it was who wrote these appreciative words:

There is nothing like books. Of all things sold, incomparably the cheapest; of all pleasures, the least palling; they take up little room, keep quiet when they are not wanted, and, when taken up, bring us face to face with the choicest men who have ever lived, at their choicest moments.—*Samuel Palmer.*

Who will tell us something about the author of the quotation given above?

FOR YOUR VACATION. THERE are certain things you will not forget to take with you when you go to the country for a vacation; but unless you are specially reminded of it, you may not remember that, besides your fishing-rod, your tennis-racket, your golf-sticks, and such aids to your summer studies, you should not fail to put in a few favorite volumes. There should be few, possibly the fewer the better, if the little company be well chosen. But

do not leave yourself entirely dependent upon the chance library of a country hotel. Who does not remember being indoors on some rainy day in the country, with a longing for a really good book? So, in addition to the lighter fiction already spoken of, it will be wise to take also one or two of the volumes that are inexhaustible treasures, and yet are well known to you, so that they may be taken up or put aside at will without especial care to find just where you last were reading. For this purpose a volume of a favorite poet can hardly be improved upon, whether you prefer Tennyson, Longfellow, Lowell, Aldrich, or the Quaker poet whose "Snow-Bound" should prove delightfully refreshing on a warm day.

If you have not already a favorite among the singers, choose a single-volume edition of any standard poet, and it will not be strange if you return from your summer's outing in possession of a new friend—a friend with whom you will hold many a quiet chat in winter evenings all your life long.

BOOKS ABOUT BOOKS. THERE is much advice given about reading, and many good lists of books are made up and recommended. And, so many are the classics awaiting young readers, these lists usually contain only the names of *books*, excluding the critical and explanatory volumes, the "books about books." No doubt it is most important to read the standard authors, but it may fairly be said that many of these can hardly be understood except by reading what other writers have to tell us about them. It is not necessary to tire yourself by reading criticisms and explanations, but it will be found to add greatly to your enjoyment of good literature if you follow your reading of a standard author by some study of what has been said about him and his work. Lowell, for instance, will be best appreciated when you have learned the main facts of his life, and you will see more in Tennyson's poems after you have read Henry van Dyke's study of his work. Whittier, too, and Oliver Wendell Holmes should be known to you as men besides being known as poets.

THE LETTER-BOX.

YONKERS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Not long ago my cousin from Boston came to visit me, and we went to see your office, believing that to be the most delightful thing we could do. I have taken you all my life, and on one occasion you proved a "saving grace" to me.

The occasion was in school, where we had to put the noun *cantos* in a sentence. I really did not know what *cantos* meant, but I recalled an occurrence in "Davy and the Goblin" where it was mentioned. Happy thought! I adapted the meaning, and the result was correct.

Other children made sentences such as, "The *cantos* are in the cellar," and "It is nicer to *cantos* than to gallop."

I like New York very much. It seems to me like a great big box full of nice things, from which one has only to choose. One of my favorite things is the Metropolitan Art Museum. I have been there several times, but I always want to go again.

Another of my favorites is the Natural History Museum, to which I was first introduced by Mrs. Wright in "Four-Footed Americans."

To Castle Garden Aquarium, another of my favorites, I was introduced by you.

With best wishes for a happy and successful year,
I remain, your devoted reader,
HELEN COPELAND COOMBS.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few days before Christmas, father said he would take us to Mexico for our vacation, and we were a delighted family. We went first to El Paso, and then across the Rio Grande to Juarez, where we had to stop and have our baggage inspected.

The children of Mexico are very interesting. We threw pennies, and it was funny to see them scramble for them. As we were in the City of Mexico Christmas week, we saw booths all along the Alameda, where the natives sold pottery, baskets, and other goods.

The Museum, Art Gallery, Thieves' Market, National Pawnshop, and the churches were very interesting. We spent a few days at Cuernavaca, about seventy-five miles south of the City of Mexico. It is situated in the mountains, and the volcano of Popocatepetl can be seen not far away. Here are some pottery works, Maximilian's ranch, and Cortez's palace.

You go to Maximilian's ranch with a guide, on donkeys or horses, along a very interesting road, passing Mexican adobe huts, seeing beautiful wild flowers and coffee berries drying in the sun.

Very sincerely yours,
HELEN E. HIGH.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write you a letter about an old dog of mine. He is fourteen years old, but is as spry as if he were two. He rolls over, and shakes hands, and jumps through my hands. You can see that he is getting old, but I love him just the same. I have been sick, and cannot use my right arm, so I dictate to my mother.

I have had you for two years, and I like you very much. I hope to be able to write a story for the League sometime, as I belong to it.

Yours truly,
KATHERINE SCHEFFEL (age 11).

AIKEN, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just come back from going around the world, and am now going to tell you about the different little babies in Japan and other Eastern countries. In Japan they carry them on their backs. Very often you see little girls of seven and eight carrying their baby brother or sister, as it may be. They think nothing of it at all, and go on playing and running about, and the little babies just sit up there and don't mind it. They have nothing on their heads, and you often see them sleeping quietly on the person's back who is carrying them. In China they carry them the same way. In Ceylon they carry the babies and little children on their hips—funny little half-naked things. It is very curious to see all the people dressed in bright-colored silks and stuffs. The palms and trees are wonderful. In Egypt they carry the babies on their shoulders. You can only see the women's eyes when they are in the streets.

Your interested reader,
SOPHIE L. MOTT (age 10).

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you for four years, and are very much interested in you. We are three Americans, but we live in France. We have eight fox terriers and three cats. The dogs and cats are very good friends and play with each other.

Once (the biggest dog) and a cat disappeared, and after a long search the dog was found in the loft lying down, with the cat between his fore legs. Once we had a monkey who used to ride on the dogs' backs.

Your faithful readers,
WALTER, HAROLD, and ARTHUR KINGSLAND.

BALLSTON SPA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I take much pleasure in reading you. I wanted to write you, for I am interested in your riddles. We were guessing riddles one night, when my little six-year-old brother said, "I know one: A tail on its head, a body, and two feet." We could not guess, and he said, "A Chinese." We all thought that very good.

Yours truly,
ESTHER BEACH (age 8).

MAUCH CHUNK, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have been taking the St. NICHOLAS for the last three years and have enjoyed it very much. The first year I took it directly from the publishers, but to help a poor newsdealer I took from him, and expect to take it this year. I am very much delighted with the articles which we will expect in the following year. Yours truly,

MARGUERITE HORN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have now taken you for two years, and like you very much. I live just outside Paris now. My father brought a baby elephant back from India about two weeks ago. He is very amusing. We have a small veranda in front of our house, and once the elephant went up it, and we had a terrible time getting him down again. We have a big garden, and the elephant lives in a little stable in it.

Yours sincerely,
LEONARD RUCKBILL.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

CHARADES. I-bid.

DOUBLE DIAMOND. From 1 to 8 and 3, Jackson; 1 to 4 and 3, Johnson; 3 to 5 and 6, Niebuhr; 3 to 7 and 6, Neander. Cross-words: 1. Subject. 2. Chamois. 3. Acantha. 4. Keelman. 5. Useless. 6. Biology. 7. Rainbow. 8. Chimera. 9. Beeswax. 10. Bargain. 11. Custody. 12. Athlete. 13. Scarlet.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS. Decoration Day. 1. Ma-dam. 2. Ty-cat. 3. Ba-con. 4. Fl-out. 5. Ac-rid. 6. Ch-air. 7. La-tin. 8. Tr-ice. 9. Bl-own. 10. Si-new. 11. Se-dan. 12. Fl-ail. 13. Ba-you.

CONCEALED KITCHEN UTENSILS. 1. Teapot. 2. Mug. 3. Kettle. 4. Griddle. 5. Pail. 6. Pitcher. 7. Pan. 8. Cup. 9. Bowl. 10. Dish-pan. 11. Tray. 12. Sieve. 13. Stove. 14. Strainer. 15. Fork. 16. Spider. 17. Ladle. 18. Plate. 19. Dish. 20. China-closet. 21. Dipper. 22. Pot. 23. Poker.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. From 1 to 2, Decoration; 3 to 4, In Memoriam. Cross-words: 1. Decimalism. 2. Demoniacal. 3. De-

clension. 4. Decolorize. 5. Decorously. 6. Defamatory. 7. Deception. 8. Diminution. 9. Invocation. 10. Invitation.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. 1. Ham-mock. 2. Nar-rate. 3. Non-sense. 4. Awk-ward. 5. Not-ice. 6. Dis-grace. 7. Mag-got. 8. Rai-sin. 9. Her-o. 10. Con-found. 11. Gus-tar. 12. Ore-hid. 13. Rep-ent. 14. Con-cord. 15. For-age. 16. Sun-burn. 17. Bom-bay. 18. App-all. 19. Mar-gin. 20. Gen-eva. 21. Ram-part. 22. Car-away. 23. Pre-text. 24. Cox-comb. 25. Dis-honor.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS. 1. Re-veal, real. 2. No-tion, noon. 3. Pa-la-ce, pace. 4. Figu-re, fire. 5. De-mo-nis, dens. 6. Re-li-ef, reef. 7. Li-ve-ly, lily. 8. Lo-ving, long. 9. Mi-n-gle, mile. 10. Pa-yi-ng, pang.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 13, Decoration Day; 14 to 24, Memorial Day. Cross-words: 1. Distant. 2. Meaning. 3. Becloud. 4. Ammonia. 5. Decorum. 6. Central. 7. Exhibit. 8. Certain. 9. Pad-lock. 10. Kidnaps. 11. Radiant. 12. Yankees. 13. Younger.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from "M. McG."—Joe Carlada—Grace Haren—Marjorie Webber—"Johnny Bear"—Edward Horr—Lucille Craig Dow—"Frew and I"—Emily F. Burton—Coriane A. Pope—Ross M. Craig—"Alibi and Adi"—Agnes Cole—Annie C. Smith—Lillian Jackson—"Teddy and Mavver"—Mabel George and Henri—Evaline Taylor—"Duluth"—E. Boyer—Virginia Custer Canan—Frederick Greenwood—Katharine, Jo B., and Angie—Elizabeth D. Lord—Jo and I—Christine Graham—"Get"—"Chuck"—Paul Deschere—Elizabeth T. Harned—Marian Priestly Toulmin—Helen O. Harris—Nessie and Freddie—Bessie Sweet Gallup—Olga Lee—Myrtle Alderson—Tyler H. Bliss—Elizabeth Thurston—Louise K. Cowdrey—Marjorie Anderson—Agnes Rutherford—Marion Thomas—Walter Byrne—Grace L. Massonneau—Janet Willoughby—St. Gabriel's Chapter—"The Masons"—Margaret D. Cummins—Jessie Pringle Palmer—Constance H. Irvine—Charlotte Waugh—May Richardson—Ruth Williamson.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER were received, before March 15th, from C. E. Grubb, 1—D. Muller, 1—D. L. Dunbar, 1—P. Johnson, 1—Z. Merriam, 1—E. Bennett, 1—E. F. Butman, 1—Sidney K. Eastwood, 9—C. Hodges, Jr., 1—M. Skelding, 1—Lois Cooper, 1—M. Murriah, 1—G. Whitner, 1—Aileen Erb, 1—Lorette Healy, 1—Norah Robinson, 1—George Herbert Vernon, 1—Harriet Bingham, 1—Calvert Stierquel, 1—F. E. Dunkin, 1—Ruth M. Cary, 1—W. G. Rice, Jr., 4—Amy Eliot Mayo, 9—Vernon W. Collamore, 1—Martha G. Schreyer, 9—Florence Elwell, 9—Dorothy Anderson, 1—Grove P. Converse, 3—F. H. and C. C. Anthony, 9—Eleanor F. Butman, 1—Henry Leetch, 1—Helen Loveland Patch, 9—Cornelia N. Walker, 9—Margaret C. Wilby, 9—Lawrence M. Mead, 8—Kenneth Duncan McNeill, 1.

DOUBLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My *firsts* are in cherry, but not in vine;
My *seconds* in oak, but not in pine;
My *thirds* are in arm, but not in hand;
My *fourths* are in sea, but not in land;
My *fifths* are in pebbles, but not in sand.
My *wholes* are two useful animals.

MARIE WARNER (age 9).

CONNECTED DIAMONDS.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In north. 2. A snare. 3. At no time. 4. A number. 5. In north.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In north. 2. A large cavity. 3. A large stream. 4. A beverage. 5. In north.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In north. 2. The fruit of certain trees and shrubs. 3. Report. 4. The highest point. 5. In north.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In north. 2. A small child. 3. A masculine name. 4. A masculine nickname. 5. In north.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In north. 2. A vessel used in cooking. 3. A bird. 4. A metal. 5. In north.

HELEN F. SEARIGHT.

DOUBLE DIAGONAL.

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the diagonal from the upper left-hand letter to the lower right-hand letter will spell the name of a poet; the diagonal from the lower left-hand letter to the upper right-hand letter will spell the title of one of his poems.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Moving one way and the other. 2. Calling anything to mind. 3. An old-time industry for women. 4. Associates in any business or occupation. 5. Score cards. 6. Disposed to associate only with one's clique. 7. Certain kinds of puzzles that sometimes appear in the Riddle-box. 8. A military man serving on horseback.

BURT H. SMITH (League Member).



HERE is an Arab saying. It begins with the little picture at the right-hand upper corner, marked 1. That reads, "Man is four." How do the four following lines read?

CUBE AND INCLOSED SOLID SQUARE.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

1	2
.
.
.
.
3	4
.
.
.
7	8

FROM 1 to 2, a large city in the United States; from 1 to 3, a famous town in Palestine; from 2 to 4, a great Mesopotamian river; from 3 to 4, rays of light from the moon; from 5 to 6, lucidity; from 5 to 7, the name of a sea not far from the United States; from 6 to 8, shrewd; from 7 to 8, a spring flower.

CENTRAL WORDS (reading across only): 1. Unclouded. 2. A seaport on the Gulf of Guinea. 3. To send. 4. To come forth. 5. Heavy timbers.

HARRY L. TIFFANY.

BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

EXAMPLE: Doubly behead and doubly curtail sweetened; rearrange the remaining letters, and make a scrap. Answer, su-gar-ed, rag.

1. Doubly behead and doubly curtail pertaining to festoons; rearrange the remaining letters, and make a black powder formed by combustion.

2. Doubly behead and doubly curtail that which repeats; rearrange the remaining letters, and make a narrow woven fabric used for strings.

3. Doubly behead and doubly curtail a round building; rearrange the remaining letters, and make the fruit of certain trees and shrubs.

4. Doubly behead and doubly curtail to chastise; rearrange the remaining letters, and make within.

5. Doubly behead and doubly curtail round; rearrange the remaining letters, and make a ringlet.

6. Doubly behead and doubly curtail ensiform; rearrange the remaining letters, and make to jump.

7. Doubly behead and doubly curtail one who sings alone; rearrange the remaining letters, and make to lubricate.

8. Doubly behead and doubly curtail to communicate polarity; rearrange the remaining letters, and make one who tells a falsehood.

9. Doubly behead and doubly curtail a kind of candy; rearrange the remaining letters, and make a limb.

10. Doubly behead and doubly curtail treachery; rearrange the remaining letters, and make a large body of water.

The initials of the ten little words will spell two familiar words.

DORIS HACKBUSCH.

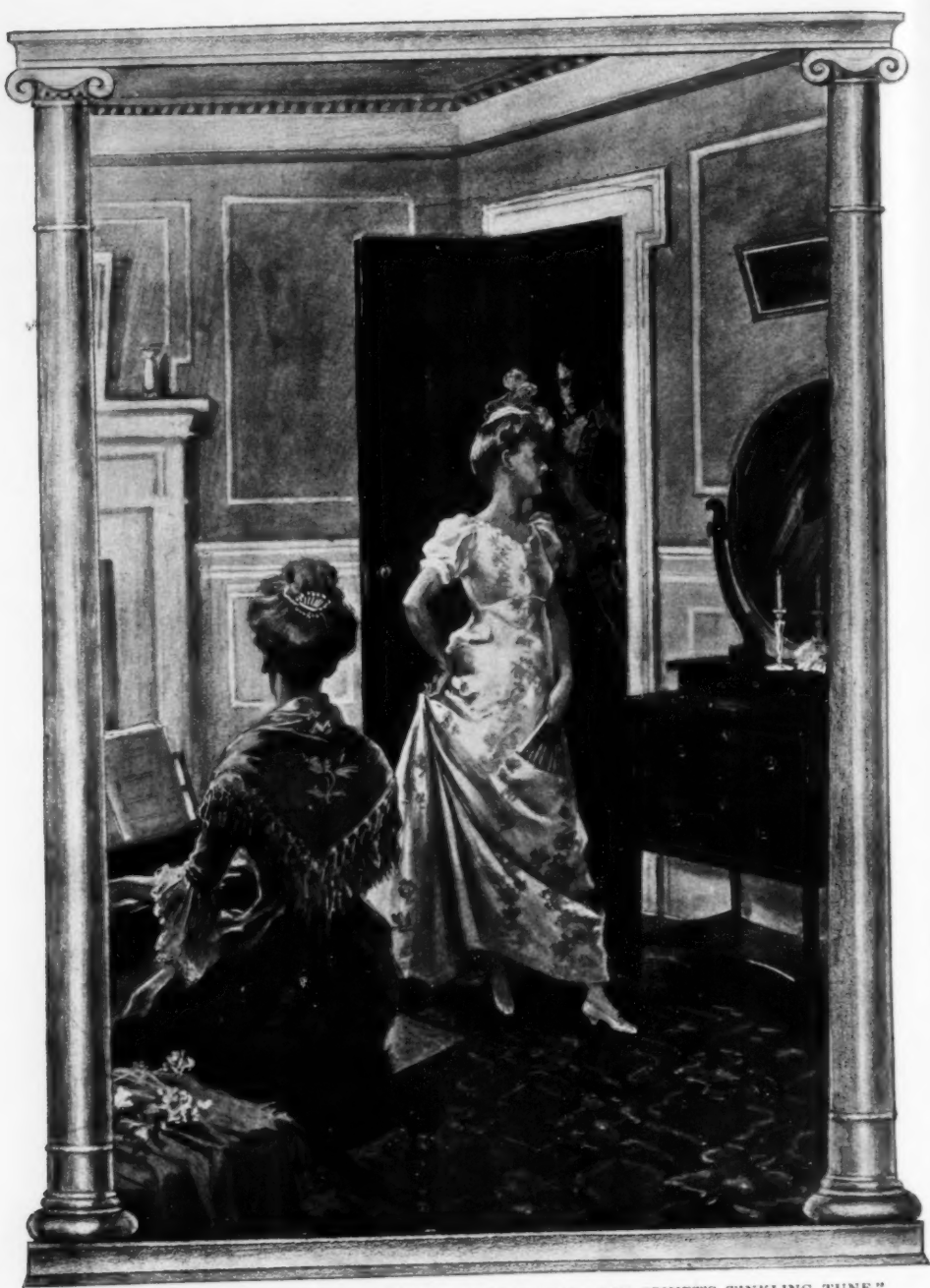
DOUBLE ZIGZAG.

1	11
2	12
3	13
4	14
5	15
6	16
7	17
8	18
9	19
10	20

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Gives assurance against harm. 2. Releases from slavery. 3. Sketched for a pattern or model. 4. Mechanical contrivances. 5. Foolish distortions of the countenance. 6. Brings out from concealment. 7. A character in "The Merchant of Venice." 8. Foolishly. 9. The act of stopping. 10. The principal sail in a ship or other vessel.

From 1 to 10, the name of a famous man; from 11 to 20, the name of a famous saint.

W. N. TAFT (League Member).



"AS DAPHNE DANCED ONE AFTERNOON, WHILE CHIMED THE SPINET'S TINKLING TUNE."